

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1856.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

BY REV. C. COLLINS, D. D.

IN many respects our seats of learning have the characteristics of individual life. They have their sphere and mode of action, their animating spirit, character, reputation, influence, and history. This individuality, as in the case of men, is clearly or faintly marked, vigorous or feeble, grasping with a firm hand the elements of opposition, and making a path to sure success, or it is vacillating in policy, undecided, inspiring in others little or no confidence, and making, therefore, but little impression upon the world. A well-written history of American colleges and higher seminaries, would be a contribution to the current of home literature of no mean value. Philosophically developed, it would bring out the relation of these institutions to the great cause of popular education and scientific advancement. To them is committed, directly or indirectly, the supplying of instruction for the masses, and, of course, the whole question of social order, prosperity, and respectability, so far as these depend upon the diffusion of intelligence.

Where do we find a true and firm basis for social order except in a clear understanding of the principles of individual right, as modified by the claims of society? Where do we see prosperity, either public or private, except as knowledge extends our sphere of vision, and, while it cultivates and refines the sense, supplies also increased motives for industry and enterprise? What confers respectability like a mind highly cultivated and richly stored?

But there is another aspect of the subject which such a history would reveal. It is the *inner life* of these seats of learning, where every pulse throbs with vitality, and where go on, under the hand of the educator, those quiet, subjective processes that give cast and strength to character,

and under which the youth becomes changed to the man. College life, like that of the cloister, is, for the most part, *hidden* from the world. It is not, therefore, idle. On the contrary, its hidden retreats are stirring with peculiar activities—the battle-fields where great exploits are achieved and *more* than *cities* are won. It is something to win a battle—it is more to form a Newton, a Milton, a Howard, a Luther, or a Wesley. The works of these live after them, invested with the immortality of their own natures, and transmitting perpetual blessings to mankind. They are propagated also by a species of contagion, which causes them to be continually reproduced in others, and multiplied for the benefit of the world. But the “thunderbolts of war” transmit to after generations no such memorials. Their monuments are heaps of skulls; their memory a record of sighs, and tears, and blood. The greatest blessing which God confers on earth is the truly good man—the man in whom piety combines with learning to make the character complete.

To the eye of Christian philosophy what a scene of interest does the college present! The old Spartans withdrew children from the care of their parents at a certain age, that their training afterward might be committed to the state. Something like this is involved in the modern system of college education. At a tender age, when parental solicitude is most lively, and parental protection and guardianship most needed, boys are sent from home for education. Collected together from different and remote parts of the country, strangers to each other, with varied and unequal talents, with diverse habits, dispositions, and views of life, the result of home training and affectionate intercourse with parents, brothers, and sisters, and friends, and with different plans and prospects of life, they come together in college to be fused into a general mass

by the forming hand of education. It is here that the faculties receive development, and character takes that cast and tone which, for the most part, are to continue through life. What a focus of hopes and powers, springing with young life and brimful of untried, and, as yet, unknown energies! What faculties of reason, unfolding, like the young leaves, under the genial air and sunshine of life's spring-time! What susceptibilities of excitement and hope, under the influence of opening prospects of success, honor, and usefulness! How impressible is youth; how fiery and impatient of rule, yet filled with honorable ambition, yearning for the glittering prizes of manly success, and submitting cheerfully to the restraints and spurs of discipline while climbing the steep of knowledge! 'Tis the college which supplies the leading minds of both Church and state.

No wonder, then, that religion and state policy look with equal interest upon these seats of learning. They are cherished interests. The founders of these Christian states made them a part of the solid masonry on which the edifice of the republic was reared. With the increase of population and wealth they have multiplied with something of the same sort of regularity, and with a conviction of the same necessity which multiplies Churches as population advances, till now we have no less than one hundred and twenty-two colleges and universities, to say nothing of the forty-four theological seminaries, and the thirty-seven medical and eighteen law schools in these states.

The special object of this article is to furnish a brief history of Dickinson College, to accompany the beautiful engraving which adorns this number of the Repository. There are many readers of the Repository who take a lively interest in this ancient institution. Dating back to times coeval with the foundation of the republic, it has already existed nearly three-fourths of a century, and its alumni, by hundreds, are scattered all over the land, swelling the ranks of the learned professors, and some of them occupying posts of the highest usefulness and honor. It is also identified with the early educational movement of the Methodist Episcopal Church, since which time it has enjoyed the patronage and support of the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Jersey annual conferences, and become the *alma mater* of many honored ministers in these bodies. It has shared largely also in the patronage and affections of the Methodist public.

Dickinson College—so called "in memory of the great and important services rendered to his

country by his Excellency, John Dickinson, Esquire, President of the Supreme Executive Council, and in commemoration of his very liberal donation to the institution"—was incorporated in 1783, the year which closed the Revolutionary struggle, and at a time when Carlisle was considered a frontier settlement. But few colleges were then in existence—Howard, Yale, Brown, and Dartmouth, in New England; William and Mary, in Virginia; Columbia, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania, in the middle states, I believe, were all. Being so remote from these institutions, its patronage at first was gathered up from a widely-scattered population, especially from Maryland, Virginia, and other southern states. The College was formally opened in 1785, under the presidency of Rev. Charles Nisbet, D. D., a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Nisbet was a Presbyterian clergyman of great celebrity for scholarship, and, at the time of his call to the presidency of the College, the settled pastor of a Church in Montrose. In that position, surrounded by affluence, intelligence, and cultivation, his removal to the new world, to build up a college amidst the hardships of frontier life, with scanty means, and in a country then exhausted by its struggles for independence, must have been attended by contrasts marked and painful to a sensitive mind. He entered, however, with vigor upon his duties, and died at his post in 1804, having filled the office of president for nineteen years. During this time, for the benefit of some of his students who were preparing for the ministry, he delivered a course of *four hundred and eighteen lectures* on systematic theology. These lectures are deserving of notice as the first course on systematic theology ever prepared and delivered in the United States.

The first faculty consisted of Rev. Charles Nisbet, D. D., President; Rev. Robert Davidson, D. D., Vice-President, and Professor of Natural Philosophy; James Ross, A. M., Professor of Latin and Greek; and Robert Johnson, A. M., Professor of Mathematics. In 1787 was held the first Commencement, at which nine students received the bachelor's degree.

During its first twenty years the College was located in the eastern part of the borough of Carlisle. Its only building then consisted of a small brick edifice on Locust alley, two stories high, and affording only four rooms, which were used for recitations and lectures. At that time the students obtained rooms and board among the families in town. This old building, venerable for its years and historic associations, is still standing,

and is used as a public school-house. In these early days the operations of the College were cramped by deficient support and by such slender accommodations; but the number of graduates, from year to year, compares respectably with any classes since. In 1792 the number was thirty-three; in 1794, twenty; in 1795, twenty-four, among whom I note the name of the Hon. Roger B. Taney, the present venerable Chief Justice of the United States.

Soon after the declaration of peace the trustees of the College commenced negotiations with Congress for the purchase of the extensive and beautiful grounds and buildings east of the borough, known as the "barracks." From times as early as the old French war in 1756, Carlisle has been a military post. From this point, in part, the recruits of Braddock's ill-fated army, it is said, were sent out. The buildings in question are extensive and commodious, and the grounds ample, making it altogether a most beautiful and desirable location for the College. These negotiations, however, were fruitless. In 1798 the square in the western part of the borough, consisting of about seven and a half acres, on which the College buildings now stand, was bought for *one hundred and fifty dollars and fifty cents*, of "Dr. Edmund Physick," the attorney of Richard and John Penn, the original proprietaries of all this part of the Cumberland Valley. On this square a large and commodious building was reared on the site of the building now known as "West College," but scarcely was it completed before it was burned to the ground. Another and much superior edifice was built in 1805. This is the building seen on the left of the picture. In the front wall it bears a tablet commemorative of the disaster above referred to. This building contains the tenement of the senior professor, the chapel, the halls of the Belles-Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies, two large rooms for their libraries, two lecture-rooms and studies for professors, several dormitories for students and apartments for the steward.

In its early history the College received from the state of Pennsylvania large gratuities in the form of lands and money. These lands, however, seem to have been disposed of without bringing any permanent advantage to its treasury. Oppressed by poverty and in constant struggle for life, the College, notwithstanding, held on the even tenor of its way, gaining increased strength in the affections of the people, and growing in reputation. On the death of Dr. Nisbet, Rev. Dr. Davidson became President *pro tempore*, and thus filled the office till 1809, when Rev. Jere-

miah Atwater, D. D., was elected President. On his resignation in 1815, Rev. Dr. John M. Knight succeeded as President *pro tempore*; after whom followed, in 1821, Rev. John M. Mason, D. D., who, in his day, was considered the ablest divine in the American Presbyterian Church. Revs. William Neill, D. D., and Samuel B. How, D. D., successively filled the office of President, bringing dates down to 1832, at which time Dr. How and the other members of the faculty resigned, and the trustees, under the influence of various causes, determined to suspend the operations of the College.

This brings us to an important era in the history of this institution. Its affairs had become inextricably embarrassed by the want of harmony between the different members of the faculty, and between the faculty and trustees, and between the trustees among themselves. The causes of this unhappy state of things we need not here present. They were disastrous to the College, and, in consequence, these halls, so long sacred to the cause of education, and already illustrious as the abode of eminent talents and scholarship, were closed, and the crowd of young men still in attendance sent home.

At this juncture the Baltimore conference was entertaining the question of establishing a college somewhere within its bounds. The educational movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church had then but just commenced. The Wesleyan University, at Middletown, had barely started in its noble career, under the patronage of the New England and New York conferences. Augusta College, in Kentucky, was in advance by a few years. These were the only two colleges then under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Edwin Dorsey, the preacher in charge of the Methodist Church in Carlisle, aware of the wishes of the Baltimore conference in reference to the establishment of a college, brought this fact to the attention of the trustees of Dickinson College, and suggested the probability, if the transfer could be legally and fully made, that the conference would adopt it in lieu of the college which it proposed to found. The suggestion was received with favor. At the next session of the Baltimore conference a committee was appointed, consisting of Revs. Stephen G. Roszel, Andrew Hemphill, and William Hamilton, to confer with the trustees. The negotiations which followed succeeded in transferring the College, with all its lands, buildings, fixtures, libraries, apparatus, etc., in a full and satisfactory manner, to a board of trustees nominated by the Baltimore and Philadelphia annual conferences—

the Philadelphia conference in the mean time having heartily joined in the enterprise.

As soon as the new board of trustees was organized, the patronizing conferences proceeded to raise subscriptions for the endowment of the College. These soon reached the sum of \$48,000, and thereupon it was determined to open the College in September, 1834. It was, accordingly, opened at that time with the following faculty: Rev. John P. Durbin, A. M., President, and Professor of Moral Science; Merritt Caldwell, A. M., Professor of the Exact Sciences; Robert Emory, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Hon. John Reed, Professor of Law; and Alexander F. Dobb, Principal of the German School. These gentlemen entered immediately upon the duties of their respective offices with a zeal and devotion which at once attracted public attention, and gave the College a rank of respectability along with the best. Since that time it has undergone several changes of administration, and been subjected to trying financial embarrassments, but its advancing career of patronage and usefulness has never been staid. The funds subscribed for its endowment, like such subscriptions generally, experienced a large discount in the collection. New buildings had to be erected for the largely increased number of students. In this and other ways, for the want of adequate means, capital was absorbed and embarrassments entailed, which have found no relief except in the scheme of endowment by the sale of cheap scholarships recently adopted and now in progress. There is reasonable prospect that the endowment, during the present year, will reach the sum of \$100,000.

It remains only to note the changes of administration and give a few figures in the way of statistics. Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., retired from the Presidency in 1845, and was succeeded by Rev. Robert Emory, D. D. Dr. Emory deceased in 1848, and was succeeded by Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., who, in 1852, resigned, and was succeeded by the present incumbent. The faculty at present consists as follows: Rev. Charles Collins, President, and Professor of Moral Science; Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature; James W. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, A. M., Professor of Mathematics; William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science; Alexander J. Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages; Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Principal of the German School; and Benjamin Arbogast, A. B., Tutor.

Since the first organization of the College, in

1785, it has seen the administration of eleven presidents, and been favored by the instruction of forty-eight different professors and fifteen tutors. In this time it has graduated eight hundred and twelve students—three hundred and thirty-seven of whom since it came into Methodist hands. Of the total number of graduates, two hundred and three have entered the Christian ministry.

The property of the College, besides the endowment before mentioned, consists in the campus, a square in the borough of Carlisle containing something more than seven and a half acres, with the two main buildings thereon, called East and West College. These are the buildings which appear in the accompanying engraving. Besides these is another, called North College, standing in the rear of West College, and also South College, a substantial stuccoed edifice, standing opposite the campus on the south side of High-street, in which is kept the Grammar school, the College library, the cabinet of minerals, the museum of natural history, etc. In this building also are the lecture-room of the Professor of Natural Science, the philosophical apparatus, the laboratory, and several rooms for students. Add to these the College library, which contains 6,200 volumes, the library of the Belles-Lettres Society, 6,683 volumes, and the library of the Union Philosophical Societies, 7,500 volumes, making fixtures whose value can not easily be calculated, but which could not probably be replaced for a sum short of \$80,000.

In the point of location, fixtures, libraries, apparatus, and the prestige of its history and long-established name, Dickinson College has long enjoyed pre-eminent advantages. The day of its pecuniary independence seems now to be at hand. Considering its want of adequate endowment hitherto, it has nobly fulfilled its mission and established strong claims to the confidence and gratitude of the country, and especially of the Church under whose patronage it is. But it deserves something more than a bare support. A more liberal policy toward it and more ample pecuniary endowments would add luster, efficiency, and enlargement to its sphere of operations. These it needs in order duly to represent the growing numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the Methodist community. The members of other Churches, as we see by the newspapers, when dying, often remember their colleges in the distribution of their estates. In this way they have become established on solid foundations. In this way also they have become lifted in reputation and influence quite above all ordinary

contingencies, and are reflecting advantages back again upon the Churches sufficient to compensate for all these bestowments a hundred times over. Nothing of this kind has ever been done for Dickinson; but we know of no cause more worthy of remembrance. It is earnestly hoped that the noble example set by other Christians will not much longer be without imitators among us. It will be a reproach to Methodism difficult to remove, if the standard of Christian character which it forms is less noble, liberal, and far-seeing than that of other evangelical, or even unevangelical, creeds.

SARAH MORRIS.

BY ALICE CARY.

OUR heroine was termed a *smart* girl by every body who knew her, and her acquaintance was only limited by the number of people in the neighborhood. And with all she was a favorite, as she deserved to be, for she was blessed with a large share of plain, common sense; and beneath the fun and frolic that always sparkled on the surface of her nature there was a quick intelligence, a singularly happy tact, and a generous amiability.

She was not pretty, but there was a heartiness in the grasp of her little black hand, and a cordiality in the brightness that illuminated her little, dark face, when it approached you, that bore you right away from consciousness of her plainness; for plain she certainly would have been to critical or indifferent eyes, if such could have looked upon her.

There was a rough honesty in her nature that no refined instinct counteracted the expression of, and that ears polite would have required to be toned down; but with the uncultivated people, among whom she dwelt, it was, perhaps, her most potent charm. Wherever there was funeral, or Church, or quilting, wedding, or sickness, there came a sprightly little body, black-handed, and black-haired, and black-eyed, laughing or weeping, as the case might require, active with words and works, or coquettish with nods and becks—tossings of ribbons and flirting with parasol and fan—rustling, and stirring, and winning all eyes from their tears or their devotions—and that was Sarah Morris.

Her horse was the gayest and the best groomed of any one in the neighborhood, the cushion of her saddle of the deepest crimson, and its stirrup of the most elaborate silver plate; and very dexterously she managed the reins as she rode, mak-

ing the spirited creature beneath her gambol and curvet to the proudly graceful extent of her management. No sober filly for her! and many a time her scorn and derision came in the shape of a cut across the flank of the more gentle and unsuspecting one her neighbor rode.

But when the offender was discovered no body was ever offended, and the quick spring of the animal and the jolt of the startled rider were sure to be followed by a laugh and a good-humored exclamation.

She might catch the chair from beneath her grandmother as she was sitting and send her headlong to the floor, but nothing was thought of it by any body, except that it was Sally Morris's way. She might laugh in meeting so loud as to make half the heads in the congregation turn toward her, but still it was Sally's ways, and no face was so rigidly solemnized that it would not relax when it saw the black eyes of Sally twinkling above her fan.

How lightly she used to spring upon the back of her dapple-gray, spurning the assistance of the many hands that reached out to assist her, and how proudly she galloped away, sending a cloud of dust in the faces of her admirers for their worshipful pains!

"Touch us gently, gentle time," was a song that Sarah had no inward prompting to sing. She was equal, she felt, to all changes and all chances; and, in truth, her little black hands, with the assistance of her shining black eyes, could well make their way through opposing combinations.

There was nothing to which she could not turn her talents, from raking in the hay-field and dropping corn, to the braiding of a straw bonnet and the fashioning of a silk gown; and a good deal of broad, brilliant taste had Sarah, as was always manifested in the gay colors and striking contrasts she wore.

The black hair under her red ribbons, and the bright blue petticoat, and the flaunting rainbow sash gave her quite the air of some half-civilized Indian queen, as, on her gallant gray, she leaped fences and divided hedges and underbrush as lightly as the rye-stalks.

The glee of the children was doubled when they saw her, and breathlessly they hurried into the house to communicate the fact of her having ridden past as a piece of most stirring news. The young men paused from their occupations in the wayside fields as she rode past, and were ready to throw off their enthusiasm by shouts and hurrahs for any thing, at any moment, for two days thereafter.

Doubtless they would have sighed many a time if they had not felt the utter futility of such an expenditure of breath, as she disappeared behind the next hill, or as the woods shut her in.

No love-lorn maiden dare show her pining cheek in Sarah's presence, for her laugh of scorn and derision was never done ringing from one to another of her young acquaintances.

"What fools you are," she would say, "to put your hearts out of your own keeping, and then cry to have them back; just as if any bear of a man would take such good care of them as yourselves!"

"I wish some of your charmers would steal my heart," she used to say; "I'd show you how long they would keep it in torment. Catch me crying for the best man alive, and you may expect the sky to fall next."

"Just as if all the goodness in the world could be in any one man, supposing him even to be 'all your fancy's painted him.' Why, bless me, the least atom of common sense will teach you what dunces you are!"

"Let me tell you, a feather bed, and a blanket, and a good dinner are decidedly more cheerful to think about than that little, dark place you will get into soon enough. Come, pluck up a little courage and show the poor, vain coxcomb that roses can grow in your cheeks independent of his planting."

This was her softest manifestation of sympathy and comfort, and if the disease yielded not to this method, she was apt to resort to all applications of ridicule and satire.

She would offer to gather willows for their heads, and speak in solemnly low and affected tones of her friends' grievances, treading on tiptoe and carefully shutting out the light—singing hymns of awful dolor, and in all ways possible exaggerating into the ludicrous the miserable suffering of which she had no conception; healthful, light-hearted creature that she was.

Sarah's mother was a common-sense, commonplace, hard-working, hard-feeling old woman, out of whose nature the sweetness of human sympathy seemed to have died. A countless number of wrinkles in her cheeks and forehead cradled an everlasting expression of care, and her little, stumpy feet trotted up and down, and down and up, and in and out, and out and in, from morning till night, and from year's end to year's end. She never went from home and never stopped toiling long enough to contemplate the accumulations of her industry.

There was no holiday for her, and no rest ex-

cept in the variations of her work. She seldom spoke, except it were to Job, her husband, and never to him unless to scold.

She had probably married because four hands could do more work than two.

But why Job had married her was still more questionable—he had been crazy at one time of his life, and it may have been during that malady or induced by it; for certain it is, no mortal ever saw any manifestation of love for the other on the part of either of them; but though it would be curious to inquire into the origin of their relation, our story leads us forward, not backward, and our interest in that direction must be sacrificed.

Enough that Sarah's father was a hardy, hen-pecked old man, who did the drudgery and was kept, or kept himself, mostly out of sight.

Whether he were ever quite sane nobody could determine, as he was never heard to say enough and never seen sufficiently to warrant a conclusive judgment. If he appeared at all, it was only in dodging from one concealment to another; and if he spoke at all, it was merely in reply to some order from Sarah or Sarah's mother.

Sarah herself has been known to say, in her wildest moods, that he had vacant rooms in the garret.

No one ever thought of saying Mr. Morris; it was all old Job, and the old man Morris; and the greatest deference he ever received was to be called Sarah Morris's father, as by some of her more favored admirers he has been known to be. Even his house was not his own, nor his grounds; both were considered and designated as Sarah Morris's, and, in truth, and notwithstanding the shrew-tongue of her mother, she was mistress of all.

There remains yet another individual, who, together with her parents and herself, comprised all the household—this was a youth named Elijah Burbank. In his boyhood he had been indentured to Job Morris, and in his young manhood, as he always had been, was known by the opprobrious epithet of Sarah's bound boy.

He was slight and delicate, with hands as small as those of his mistress, and much fairer; a face of extreme refinement, and a mouth of that peculiarly sensitive expression that is apt to awaken the tenderest sympathies in the opposite sex and the derision of men. His blue eyes and soft, flaxen hair completed the effeminacy of his appearance, and made his manhood seem farther away by some years than it really was.

It was the evening of the day Lije was twenty-one years old that Sarah sat alone on the high

south porch, known as the two-story porch. There was no look-out from it except toward a near and thick wood, and, moreover, it was pretty closely curtained by trumpet flower and creeper vines; so the view, such as it was, was pretty considerably obstructed; and why she chose this retired position was perhaps hardly known to herself, for her custom was to recreate of evenings on the steps of the front portico—a position commanding a mile-length view of the high road.

Out upon this porch opened the door of Elijah's room, and presently out of Elijah's room came with a soft step Elijah himself.

He was dressed in his new freedom suit; and as he stood blushing in the moonlight, with one hand hiding itself in his yellow curls, there came to the heart of Sarah a feeling of bashfulness and tremor that she could in no wise account for. "What do you want, Lije?" she said directly. She meant by her tone to demand why he was there, but somehow it yielded concession and solicited confidence.

"I want you," Elijah answered timidly and looking down.

Sarah laughed a little foolishly, but recovered herself quickly and answered, playfully extending her hand, "Well, here I am, take me."

Elijah took the hand in earnest thus offered him in jest, and bent his head so low over it that his lips more than touched it.

"Nonsense!" cried Sarah, withdrawing her hand, "if you are very hungry, Lije, you will find something in the cupboard more eatable than my hand."

Poor Lije! abashed and trembling for what he had done, dropped on one knee and said, "I only wished, Miss Sarah, to thank you for all your goodness to me, and if I—if I kissed your hand, it was because I could not help it."

"And if I box your ears," replied Sarah, "it is because I can't help it;" so saying she affected to slap his face, but it was done so softly with the tips of her fingers that Lije did not suffer any physical pain. "Besides," continued Sarah, what do you want to thank me for? I have done nothing to deserve your thanks that I know of."

"Why, Miss Sarah, do you forget these nice new clothes, and then your goodness to me all the while for so many years?"

"No, Lije, I don't forget that as my bound boy I was bound to give you a freedom suit; and, by the by, I suppose you have come to remind me that you are free."

"No, Sarah, not that; I am not free—I am your slave, and always shall be." He bent over the unresisting hand again and kissed it again;

but Sarah's pride, which as yet was the strongest feeling of her nature, was aroused by this time, and rising she said, "I am glad to know I have a slave; but how do you think you will like Mr. Hilton for a master?"

Poor Lije said he did not know, and went despondent away.

The Mr. Hilton alluded to was an old admirer of Sarah's; and though it was suspected by Elijah that she had refused him more than once, he was none the less annoyed by the intimation she threw out. So, as I said, he went moping away, and putting his hand in a cutting-box designed to chop oats for cattle, made as if he would cut it off, almost hoping that by accident he might do so, and that Sarah would then at least pity him. He felt as if his brain had undergone some fearful shattering, and for his life he could not tell whether Mr. Hilton owned a thousand or fifteen hundred acres of land, nor could he determine whether he owned two flouring mills and a saw mill, or two saw mills and a flouring mill; but he was fully conscious that in whatever shape his riches lay he was a rich man, and that the black shadow of his big stone dwelling-house fell right over him, and would not even suffer him to see the sunshine. His heart received a most thrilling telegraph presently in the voice of Sarah calling him in a tone softer than his wont. She had spread the table with unusual care, and was herself waiting to serve the tea.

The little that was said during the meal had no reference to what both were thinking of. Sarah praised the new clothes at length, and intimated that Elijah would be leaving her for some better place.

Elijah remembered that she had called him her bound boy, and, drawing his manhood up to its full height, replied that he should try to find some place to live where he was not despised, and that the farm of his mistress, big as it was, did not comprise the whole world.

Sarah replied, with a proud toss of her head, that she hoped he would not only find a nice place to live, but that he would get just such a wife as he desired, and she supposed that would be some one very unlike herself.

"Unlike you in some respects, certainly," replied Elijah, rising from the supper of which he had partaken very sparingly.

Sarah began to sing gayly as she tossed the dishes together,

"I care for no body, no, not I,
Since no body cares for me."

Elijah whistled his way to his own room, but returning directly threw a letter into Sarah's lap,

saying he had forgotten to deliver it sooner, and was especially sorry for it, as it was probably from her lover, Mr. Hilton.

Sarah replied that she hoped so, though nothing was farther from probabilities, and she knew it. It was addressed to her mother, and in the writing of her mother's only sister, announcing her severe and protracted illness, and begging her sister to come and visit her. Sarah did not that night go through the formality of making the reception of the letter known to her mother, but having broken the seal and read it retired to her own room, whether to think of Elijah or of her far-away relative was known only to herself.

Some time in the course of the following day Mrs. Morris was made acquainted with her sister's illness, and shortly afterward fifty dollars were demanded of Job, and in a humor of especial courtesy Sarah informed him that she was going to visit aunt Ruth, and that her return was uncertain.

When it became known to Elijah that she was actually going from home, and for an indefinite time, the little pride that had been developed in him wilted away, and he drooped like a plant that lacks its proper nutriment. "If you are going away," he said one day to Sarah, "I will remain here till you come back, for what would become of Job if both of us were away?"

"Very well," said Sarah, "don't let the old man suffer;" but she was much more particular and earnest in her directions for the care of her favorite riding horse. She need not to have given any orders about any thing that was hers, and Elijah in a trembling voice could not help telling her so. Sarah tried to laugh, but it was sorrowful laughter, and turning her face away asked him—she had always ordered him till then—if he would bring her from the harvest field a nice bundle of rye straw. An hour had not elapsed when it was laid at her feet.

Sarah made no parting calls and left no messages for her friends—"if I die," she said, "what good will it have done that they smiled over me when I went away; and if I live to come back, why we shall be just as glad to see each other as if we had had a formal parting."

Up to the last moment of her remaining at home poor Elijah had promised his trembling heart one more interview with her, and what was his disappointment and humiliation to find, as he sought to join her on the portico on the evening previous to her departure, that she was already engaged in conversation with the rich miller, Mr. Hilton! All that night there was a rumbling in his head as of mill-wheels, and all that night he

dreamed one dream over and over, which was that Sarah had lost all her proud spirit and was a pale-cheeked prisoner in Mr. Hilton's gloomy old stone house.

The miller had been married once, and report said the gloomy old stone house had chilled the dead wife to death; but Sarah only laughed when this was told her, and replied that if she were born to be chilled to death she would not die any other way; to the miller himself she was capricious as an April day, now shining upon him in smiles, now frowning like a thunder-cloud, but he was an obstinate prosecutor of his purposes, and in no wise awed by a cloud, never so black though it were. It was a matter of interesting speculation among Sarah's acquaintance whether or not she would ever marry the miller; but it was the opinion of the shrewdest of them that she was merely dallying with him as the cat does with the mouse, and that when the mood suited she would toss him aside contemptuously and forever.

Probably such was her purpose, but she loved power, and as almost all her young friends would have been proud of his attentions, she exercised through him a pretty extensive dominion.

To Elijah the big, silent house of Job Morris was desolate enough when Sarah was gone—it seemed that the noon would never come, and when it was noon that it would never be night. Job worked silently on the same, and Sarah's mother scolded and worked the same, but Sarah's wheel was still and Sarah's busy feet were not to be seen, and so to Elijah there was nothing worth listening to in the world.

All the first evening long he sat on the stoop and talked with Sarah's mother, albeit she scolded incessantly; it was now and then about Sarah that she scolded, and to hear Sarah's name pronounced in any way was a sort of miserable happiness to the poor young man. He could not prevent himself from speaking of the time when she would come back, as if it brought it any nearer, and of talking of places greatly more distant, as though that brought her nearer.

She had bidden him adieu with some careless jest about the pain of parting, and he could not avoid recalling the tone and the manner over and over, and of trying to find some latent meaning that no one else could have found. Who but one who is famishing for a hope that he has not found, can judge of his surprise and joy when, on entering his room for the night, he discovered lying on his bed, where Sarah had laid it, the new rye-straw hat she had braided for him. It was trimmed with a bright blue ribbon, and lined

daintily with silk of the same color, and with this slight and perishable foundation to rest all his future upon, we will leave him till such time as he shall again cross the path of our story.

The husband of the aunt Ruth, at whose door Sarah found herself one morning in June, was a man of considerable cultivation and some wealth. He was a dealer in furs, and employed, in one way and another, a good many men, in one of whom only are we particularly interested—this person's name was Rodney Hampton. He was exceedingly handsome, and Sarah thought his full auburn beard, penetrating blue eyes, and polished manners contrasted with every one she had known so as to throw them altogether in the shade. Aunt Ruth's home was a comfortable and even pretty one, situated in one of the frontier towns of the west, but there was a refinement and nicety about it that, to Sarah's uncultivated ideas, appeared the height of style and elegance. Aunt Ruth was an invalid, delighted with the sprightly companionship of her niece, and rendered doubly dependent by the absence of her husband. Rodney Hampton was this man's most confidential clerk, and necessarily a good deal at his house—oftener still from choice, after the arrival of the romping niece. She was speedily known to half the inhabitants of the town, and a universal favorite as she was at home.

Is it any wonder if an impulsive, careless girl, as was Sarah, should never have stopped to inquire who Rodney was, nor whence he came, and how, more and more, the interest awakened by her first introduction to him was settling down into her heart? or if it be a wonder, why it must remain so? for certain it is she did not inquire till she awoke one day to find that only within the circle of his influence was there any world for her. They rode together into the country, and came home under the starlight and by the light of their own imaginations; they walked together in the suburbs of the town, and found interest in every ragged urchin or thorny shrub in their path; they sat together in aunt Ruth's pretty parlor and smiled unutterable things.

By degrees the ruder portion of Sarah's rusticity became toned down, and her extravagant taste subdued itself to a more artistic fashion, so that when she had been with aunt Ruth six months she was regarded as quite the belle of the little city of which she was an inhabitant.

And as the fall came on not an evening passed that did not find Rodney conversing with his gay-hearted favorite in tones that insinuated more than they said, and lingering and lingering in such fond way as certainly contradicted indiffer-

ence. And to Sarah's credulous belief indifference was not only contradicted, but admiration, respect, love—all proclaimed with more than trumpet-tongued assurance.

He was a fine singer, and many was the romantic song that made sweet promises to our rustic's heart, and many the meaning glance that confirmed them.

Every pretty cottage in the neighborhood had, at one time and another, been selected as the future home of our lovers, when there came one day to Sarah a letter from home, written in the trembling and unpracticed hand of the almost forgotten Elijah.

It told her how much her mother wished her to come home; how much, indeed, she needed her, and enlarged pathetically on the miserable way the good woman was wearing off her feet; it told, too, how much every body wanted to see her, and said how dreary and desolate the neighborhood was without her; it even hinted that Mr. Hilton was pining away, and for sake of pity of him, if for nothing else, she must come.

"The old house here seems lonesome as the barn," urged Elijah, but he did not say whether it were thus lonesome to him or to whom. "Your beautiful gray," he concluded, "is looking splendid, and is impatient to bear you about as he used to do. O, Miss Sarah, for every body's sake you must come!"

The funds for defraying the expenditure of the homeward journey were inclosed, and when Sarah had finished reading it she was more sorrowful than she had been for a long while.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.

THERE is a wealth of wisdom contained in the following from the good Sir Thos. Browne:

"Though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days: not upon Cicero's ground—because I have lived them well—but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then, because I was a child, and, because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore."

DUTY HERE AND GLORY THERE.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

DARKNESS that my heart could feel of,
Blackness that my soul could swim in,
Drowned in me the living spirit—

Strength to hope and will to dare;
Murder-scrieks that shock the midnight,
And that pierce, and pang, and sicken,
Would have made me grateful respite
From that death, that death, despair;
When a supernatural whisper—
Words that sounded not, but touched me—
Seemed to utter through me to me,

Duty here and glory there!

Where? My soul looked round and questioned:

Boom of glory-glutted cannon,
Clash of steel, and flare of music,
Strove, in vain, to answer where;

Then loud senatorial voices,
Stormy with a people's passions,
Swollen with a nation's power,
Seemed grand answers in the air;
But the cannon, and the clashing,
And the music, and the voices,
Never echoed to that whisper—

Duty here and glory there!

Showers of delicious praises,
Falling on the panting spirit
Like the cooling rains of summer,
Cherishing great souls that bear
Thought's immortal bloom of beauty,
Wafting round the world the fragrance
Of their names—Ambition questioned,

Worth not these the weary wear,
Through a lifelong toil and patience,
Wear of soul and wear of body?
No response in that felt whisper—
Duty here and glory there!

Where? My soul looked up and questioned—
Up to where the stars were burning
In the grand and awful temple

Of the midnight—up to where
Vision stops against the curtain
Of the infinite, but spirit
Puts aside the vail and enters:

It is there! O it is there!
Burned the whisper now increasing—
Duty here through little lifetimes,
Glory there for endless ages,
Duty here and glory there!

DREAM-LAND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

O HOME of the heart, if thy glad morning light
Can charm from my spirit the shadow of night,
Let me leave the dark world ere its cares shall o'er-
whelm,
And linger awhile in thy song-haunted realm.

For the storm sweepeth by, and his wing is so dark,
I am weary of guiding my fragile life-bark;
Lo! worn out with toil, Reason faints at the helm—
Let me linger awhile in thy song-haunted realm.

Bright fancy, its monarch, shall guide me afar,
To the land where no storm-cloud my quiet can mar;
All day, from the cold world, I'll linger apart
In beautiful dream-land, the home of the heart.

My eye shall beam bright on the bluest of skies,
And the dew of sweet thought my own spirit bap-
tize;

And the sunlight of love, at my heart creeping in,
Shall chase far away the dark shadow of sin.

The gush of sweet music shall banish despair,
For the spirit of melody lingereth there;
And chastened and thrilled with her magic and
might,

The heart of the dreamer grows wild with delight.

O visions of beauty! how sweetly ye rise
In the bright land of dreams to my wondering eyes;
And fairer than light are the scenes ye unfold,
As ye waft me along on your pinions of gold!

O the care-laden world may be shrouded in night,
But dream-land is floating in music and light;
My dim eye gets brighter, my weak heart grows
strong,

'Neath the smile of the spirit of love and of song.

No soul-thrilling music more bliss can impart
Than the songs of sweet fancy—the *bird of the heart*;
All spotless and pure as a snowy-winged dove,
She soareth aloft in the sunlight of love.

THE LITTLE SHOE.

BY MARY NEAL.

I FOUND it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time and wet with dew;
'Tis a little thing; ye would pass it by
With never a thought, or word, or sigh,
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little, fairy child
That bound my heart with magic wild,
Of bright, blue eyes and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—
Of a prattling voice so sweet and clear,
And the tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of a form that is cold and still—
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far to a mother's heart
Than the classic "statues of Grecian art."
Ah! strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there.

Ye can not know of the little thing
From memory's silent fount can bring,
The voice and form that were once so dear,
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me when, all wet with dew,
I found it this morning, this little shoe.

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN his autobiographic sketch, Sir Walter candidly confesses that, when a boy, he made no great figure at the High School of Edinburgh—an admission very consoling to the mammas of “backward boys” who are fonder of play than the discipline of the class. It has always appeared to us, however, that Scott underrated his abilities as a scholar; for few writers of fiction in the present day could have mustered so good an appearance of classicity in their productions. The truth seems to be, that this great man did not know himself; and certainly neither his parents nor teachers knew the stuff that was in him. The master under whom he was placed at the High School—who of course judged from technical acquirements—confirmed the impression that young Walter was “a remarkably stupid boy,” and his mother with grief acknowledged that all spoke truly on the subject. While such was Mrs. Scott’s opinion, she saw Walter one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm standing still in the street, and looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upward without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him: “Mother,” he said, “I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil.” She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these words written on it:

“Loud o’er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky:
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear.”

The old lady, said the writer of this anecdote, repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes; for I really believe, simple as they are, that she valued these lines, being the first effusion of her son’s genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides.

Of his early school-days, Sir Walter related the following serio-comic anecdote to Mr. Rogers: “There was,” said he, “a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would, till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part

of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law in Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead: he took early to drinking.”

In his early life, Scott of course indulged in the convivial habits then common among the young men of the bar in Edinburgh; but he had the good sense to see the folly of this kind of indulgence, and shook himself free of it. A remarkable saying of his on the subject is recorded in his biography—“Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.”

Sir Walter, as is well known, was a member of a light dragoon volunteer corps in Edinburgh, in 1797. A characteristic anecdote, connected with this part of his life, may be given. The commander of the corps, as not unusually happened, was rather ignorant of his duty, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One unfortunate morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring this monitor along with him, and was of course desperately nonplused. He could positively do nothing; the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motionless, while he was vainly endeavoring to find the means of supplying the requisite document. At this moment, while the men were all as cold as their own stirrup-irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral than a band of redoubted volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the might of Gaul, Sir Walter came limping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his grave way: “I think the *corps* is rather long in lifting this morning;” a drollery so fit to the occasion and to their feelings, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.

The recollections of Scott’s friends present a charming picture of his ordinary life at his summer retreat of Ashiestiel on the Tweed, where he

had found it necessary to establish himself on account of his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His household, enlivened by four healthy children, and superintended by Mrs. Scott, was marked by simple elegance. On Sundays, being far from Church, he read prayers and a sermon to his family; then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favorite spot at a convenient distance, and dine with them in the open air. Frequent excursions on horseback, and coursing-matches, varied the tenor of common domestic life. Friends coming to pay visits found him in constant good humor, and at all times willing to introduce them to the fine scenery and interesting antiquities of the district. In the evenings his conversation, in which stories and anecdotes formed a large part, was a sure resource against ennui. As a husband and father, he was most kind and indulgent. His children had access to his room at all times; and when they came—unconscious of the nature of his studies—and asked for a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a tale or a ballad, kiss them, and then set them down again to their sports, never apparently feeling the least annoyance at the interruption. His dogs, of which he always had two or three, were even more privileged, for he kept his window open in nearly all weathers, that they might leap out and in as they pleased. These were the happiest days of Scott's life, when as yet in the enjoyment of full vigor of body and mind, rather acquiring than reposing upon fame, and unembarrassed by possessions and dignities which afterward made his position false and dangerous. While residing at Ashiestiel, one of his favorite walks was along the banks of Tweed, which is here an exceedingly beautiful river, secluded in charming pastoral scenery. At the end of this walk is a seat beneath an aged tree, where the poet meditated some of the finest verses in *Marmion*.

At this happy period of his life, Scott occasionally visited London, and allowed himself to go through that kind of exhibition called *lionising*, to which every thing famous or even notorious is liable to be subjected in the metropolis; but he never was in the slightest degree spoilt by such idolatry. He fully showed that he estimated it at its real worth, and, after good-naturedly submitting to it, could laugh at its absurdity. It is less pleasant to record a change in his arrangements for study which took place about this time. Finding the day apt to be broken in upon by little duties and by visitors, he adopted the habit of rising and commencing his literary toils at six in the morning, usually finishing them at twelve,

after the interruption of breakfast at ten. His biographer, Mr. Lockhart, tells us how careful he was to dress neatly before sitting down, but he says nothing of his preparing for the duty before him by taking food. We have come to understand such things better now, and can easily see what fatal effects might arise in a few years from a habit of performing the principal duties of life with a system run down and exhausted of its nervous power.

All who had the happiness of knowing Sir Walter personally, acknowledge that a genial magnanimity was a leading feature in his character. There was no petty vengefulness in his composition. This is visible in the following anecdote. It may be recollected that his poem of *Rokeby*—one of the least successful of his efforts—was followed by a burlesque called *Jokeyby*, published by Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside. Mr. Tegg—an extraordinary man in his way, who had raised himself from humble circumstances—occasionally visited Scotland, and was desirous of being introduced at Abbotsford. This wish was gratified through the medium of an obliging acquaintance in Galashiels, who introduced him as the author of *Jokeyby*. "The more jokes the better," said Sir Walter, as he bustled about for a chair; and in the whole course of the interview he never made further allusion to the burlesque poem, but after his usual manner, or it may be called policy, conversed generally upon the profession of the individual whom he was addressing.

It is on all hands confessed that nothing ever spoiled this great man. Through all his exaltations, both of fortune and reputation, he never lost the original good, easy, kind, and benignant man—never for a moment ceased to be what he naturally was. Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his life of Dr. Robertson, relates that that eminent writer "used frequently to say, that in Mr. Hume's gaiety there was something approaching to *infantine*; and that he had found the same thing so often exemplified in the circle of his other friends, that he was almost disposed to consider it as characteristic of genius." This remark derives great additional force from the example of Sir Walter Scott, who seemed to prefer natural affections and natural feelings above all things, and could sympathize in all the levities and simple ideas of childhood. The individual who relates these anecdotes recollects well with what true *grandfatherly* feeling he spoke in the end of the year 1824, of the precocious talent of his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, then a child of hardly four years of age. John, he said, had composed a

verse in imitation of a certain nursery riddle, to the following effect:

"The waters of Tweed have broken the law,
And they've come roaring down the haugh;
Grandpapa and all his men
Can not turn them back again."

Whether we are to believe that the child really performed this feat of versification without assistance may be matter of debate; but certainly Sir Walter spoke of the thing quite seriously, and with no little pride, as a composition of his grandson.

A friend has furnished us with the following anecdote: Being in London at the time when Sir Walter made researches among the papers of some of the government officers concerning some points in his *Life of Bonaparte*, I happened to be at the Colonial Office one day waiting in an ante-room, when Sir Walter came in and sat down close by the door; another gentleman entered shortly after, and giving a slight glance at the persons already in the apartment, took up his station by the chimney-piece, and occupied himself in examining something that hung upon the wall, as if he did not think his companions worthy of any further attention. I sat in the window looking down Downing-street, immediately opposite Sir Walter, and having been previously slightly known to him, it was not long till he recognized and addressed me. He asked how I liked to live in London, to which I made some reply professing my contentment with it: on this Sir Walter said, "O, I dare say you would like to see the hills and waters of the North again, and to get a breath of pure mountain air!" The words were simple in themselves, but they marked his own attachment to home, and they were pronounced in such a tone of kindness as made a deep impression on me, for Sir Walter spoke to every man in the kindest possible spirit. The other person in the room paid no attention to his chat; but I can not forget his look of surprise when an attendant opened the door and pronounced the magic name, "Sir Walter Scott," by way of intimation that Mr. Hay would be happy to see the baronet up stairs: upon which, as if he had received a shot, the stranger wheeled suddenly round; but perhaps the only opportunity he ever had of seeing that great man, who had made himself known to so many ears, and friends in so many hearts, was lost. Sir Walter sat very near the door, and was concealed by it without our companion obtaining a view of him. He gazed for a moment, then turning round about, honored me with a stare more particular than he had deigned to bestow at his entrance, and per-

ceiving that I was nothing but a poor clerk, resumed consideration of the table of official regulations which he had previously made the object of study, deeming me entirely beneath *his* notice.

So eager at all times was Sir Walter to return to the retirement of his beloved Abbotsford, that on the days when the Court of Sessions closed, having made all necessary preparations previously, his coach was usually in readiness at the doors of the Parliament House in Edinburgh, and he drove off direct to the country, without waiting to take a new day for the journey.

Near the beginning of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the sign of the "Wallace Head" is described as "the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward." A person once took the liberty of inquiring of the author whether he meant here felon, in the common acceptance of the English word, or if it was a misspelling of the printer for the old Scotch word *felloun*, which means "fierce, ruthless." Sir Walter replied: "I leave the orthography entirely to you, only begging you will spell the felony as feloniously as possible." This circumstance, though trivial in itself, marks the strong and decided feeling of indignation with which Sir Walter regarded the conduct of Edward toward the preserver of Scottish independence.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburgshire, which Sir Walter happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman *patra*, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to him at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "If the parritch pan," she at length burst out—"if the *parritch pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail pat* gang for!"

Lady Scott one day speaking of a person who had been very fortunate in life, seemed to impute a good deal of his success to luck. "Ah, mamma!" said Sir Walter—he often addressed his wife familiarly by the term *mamma*—"you may say as you like; but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads to fortune."

Sir Walter resembled every man of true greatness of mind in his deep respect for the illustrious Johnson. This is apparent throughout all his prose works, in which he never misses an opportunity of introducing a quotation from the "great moralist." Being one day in company when the various merits of Johnson's imitators

were discussed—"Ay, ay," said he, "many of them produce his report, but which of them carries his bullet?" This is one of the most beautiful testimonies that one great mind ever bore to the greatness of another; and the metaphor in which it is conveyed is, in addition, singularly appropriate to the forcible character of Johnson's writings. We have been informed that Sir Walter was often heard to express his admiration of Dr. Johnson; and on one occasion, in the presence of several persons, he took out a volume of his works and read *The Vanity of Human Wishes* in a tone which showed how deeply he felt the beauties and acquiesced in the truths of that fine moral poem.

In Washington Irving's account of his visit to Abbotsford, is presented a pleasing account of Scott's fondness for dogs, several of which animals, big and little, accompanied him in his daily rambles, and afforded subject of amusing conversation. In attendance at dinner there figured a large gray cat, which was regaled with tidbits from the table, and was evidently as important a personage in the house as Maida. In the evening, while Sir Walter was reading aloud from the old romance of Arthur, "this sage grimalkin," says Irving, "had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire, and remained with fixed eye and grave demeanor, as if listening to the reader. I observed to Scott that his cat seemed to have a black-letter taste in literature. 'Ah!' said he, 'these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of; it comes no doubt from their being so familiar with witches and warlocks.' He went on to tell a little story about a gudeman who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely, out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats, all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half-frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home and told what he had seen to his wife and children. Scarce had he finished, when a great black cat that sat beside the fire raised himself up and exclaimed: 'Then am I king of the cats!' and vanished up the chimney. The funeral seen by the gudeman was of one of the cat dynasty. 'Our grimalkin here,' added Scott, 'sometimes reminds me of this story, by the airs of sovereignty which he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect from the idea that he may be a great prince *incog.*, and may some time or other come to the throne.' In this way Scott would make the habits and peculiarities of even the dumb animals about

him subjects for humorous remark or whimsical story."

Sir Walter possessed the poetic ardor so forcibly that he was never at a loss for an impromptu in verse. On visiting the Bell-Rock light-house in 1814, he inserted the following lines in the album kept for the use of visitors. They are headed "*Pharos Loquitur*"—the light-house speaking:

"Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my luster hail,
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail."

A Methodist congregation at Kelso, when some repairs were about to be made upon their chapel, sent some of their number about through the country to get subscriptions for the undertaking. An old widow brought a subscription-paper to Sir Walter. He read only the preamble and conclusion, which bore—"and your petitioners shall ever pray;" and returned the paper to the woman with a guinea, saying only, "Well, well, my good lady, here is something for you, as I am very anxious to have the prayers of the righteous."

So *facile* was he in contributing to charitable purposes, that a Burgher congregation, about to set up a meeting-house in opposition to a country minister, who was not giving satisfaction, applied to him for a subscription toward the building. He said: "Really I am not very favorable to such things as this, and think I shall not subscribe."

To which the applicant made answer: "Come, come, now, Sir Walter; ye ken ye subscribe to mony a thing ye care as little for as this, and ye maunna begin and mak' step-bairns o' hus!"

"Well, well," said the good-natured poet, "here's a guinea for you."

Out of all the numerous applications made to him for charity, he was hardly ever known to refuse one; and, indeed, it is acknowledged by all who knew him that he squandered a great deal of money every year in this way.

Sir Walter, it will be observed, had a habit of saying jocose things. Lady Scott had had a rich piece of cake, which she presented upon a salver to a glass of wine, and which, not being cut into nibbleable pieces, had been long permitted to remain entire, and had been presented and represented times without number to successive visitors, till her husband at length became quite tired of seeing the same piece so often, and one day remarked, when a guest was present, "Really, Charlotte, this piece of cake of yours is beginning to make me an auld man!"

Sir Walter was also somewhat addicted to punning. Among a thousand instances of this propensity we record one. A friend borrowing a book one day, Sir Walter put it into his hands with these words: "Now, I consider it necessary to remind you that this volume should be soon returned, for, trust me, I find that although many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, almost all of them are good *book-keepers*."

Not long before the close of his life, while sitting to Mr.—now Sir John—Watson Gordon, he was shown a little picture by that distinguished artist, representing a battle. "This is not the thing at all," said he, in reference to the clearness and multitude of the figures: "when you want to paint a battle, you should in the first place get up a gude stour [cloud of dust;] then just put in an arm and a sword here and there, and leave all the rest to the spectator." In this sublime counsel may be said to lie the germ of all his power in the description of battles.

A gentleman who, in the year 1826 or 1827, traveled with Sir Walter Scott in the "Blucher" coach from Edinburgh to Gedburg, relates the following anecdote illustrative of his punctilious regard for his word, and his willingness to serve all who placed confidence in him, particularly those engaged in literary pursuits: "We had performed half the journey," writes our informant, "when Sir Walter started as from a dream, exclaiming, 'O, my friend G——, I have forgotten you till this moment!' A short mile brought us to a small town, where Sir Walter ordered a post-chaise, in which he deposited his luggage, consisting of a well-worn short hazel stick and a paper-parcel containing a few books; then much to my regret he changed his route and returned to the Scottish capital.

"The following month I was again called to Edinburgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G—— apostrophized by Sir Walter, and whose friendship I had the honor to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this: He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory—a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories—till the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr. G—— received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night."

Indifferent as he was to fame on account of his wonderful fictions, Sir Walter was not dead to

admiration. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as a reproach than praise: Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the *Waverly Novels*, the "mighty minstrel" called on the late Mrs. Fair, of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. "The old lady opened on me thus"—to use his own words—" 'Sir Walter, I've been lang wanting to see you. It's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' thae lees? O dear me—dear me! I canna believe 't yet; but for a' that, I ken I hae seen Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, O she's a bonny, weel-behaved lassie yon; but Jeanie Deans I like the best! There," said the pleased baronet, "call ye that a common compliment?"

The stories told by Mr. Creech—a bookseller in Edinburgh—were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Creech one day amused us exceedingly with an account of a minister in a north country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty-stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the precentor also—most unheard-of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:

"O what a toon, what a terrible toon,
O what a toon was that o' Dunkeld!
They've hangit the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!"

Another of Creech's stories was a great favorite. "In my young days," said he, "there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of considerable classical taste, was an antiquary, and, having in early youth traveled on the continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost every thing he possessed; and in order to put him into a tempest of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of any thing. His mansion, for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church-wall which he had inclosed within his grounds, which

was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—with what success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about with him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighborhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church-wall. 'What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? Can you inform me what they call it?'

"Is't yon bit auld gray stane-dike yonder, wi' the dockens grown owre the tap o't? Ou ay!—scratching his head by way of refreshing his memory—'they ca' that *Legs-my-leary*, I'm thinking.'

"'Legs-my-whotty, ye stupid, donnert idiot?' raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentleman had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullrowtery*. 'Bullwhattery, ye fool?' exclaimed the laird in a fury, and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—'I'll Bullrowtery ye. Can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira!*'

"'Deed no,' was the answer; 'I'm no just sae daft's a' that; I ne'er fash my thoomb wi' ony sic havers. Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Bellyrowtery* every bit and crumb: there's sax o' the taen, and half a dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna speak nonsense.' Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthopaical blunders."

Sir Walter's droll anecdotes were inexhaustible. He had always a fresh one ready at call. My husband had a green parrot—a very great favor-

ite—which he carried about on his hand like a hawk; indeed, it often perched on his head, and dressed his hair by turning the curls over its black, horny bill. One morning Scott found poll busy arranging my husband's hair as usual. Mr. Ballantyne told him some curious anecdotes of the bird, mentioning that as it sat on his fist as he was walking in the garden, he encountered old Geordie the gardener, who, starting with astonishment, asked him, "What'n a beast that was?"

"A beast?" replied Mr. Ballantyne; "it's a bird, man—a parrot."

"Eh, sir, that canna be a parrot: it's just a green craw!" responded Geordie.

Scott laughed heartily at poll's metamorphosis, and told us that he, or a friend of his, had a parrot, which, being allowed to wander about at pleasure in the grounds, used to come regularly at one o'clock in the forenoon—the hour at which the servants dined—and rapping with its bill at the kitchen window, would ask, "Is the petawtis ready?" with a strong Northumbrian burr, which Scott imitated to the life, having the same peculiarity himself, which made the joke still better. I have never known any one fonder of dumb creatures than Scott. He did not, as he says, look with contempt on "a conversable cat to share a mess of cream with him."

Some of the closing passages in the life of this great man are in fine keeping with his general character. In his greatly enfeebled state he desired to be drawn in his wheeled chair to the library window overlooking the Tweed, which he delighted once more to look upon. "Here," says Mr. Lockhart, "he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said: 'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done: 'Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were myself again.' In this placid state he was put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber." A few days afterward—September 21, 1832—the scene was gently closed. Sir Walter died in the sixty-second year of his age.

THE INTELLECTUAL MISER.

THE intellectual miser is not less false to his own interests, not less recreant to the great ends of intellectual accumulation, than his prototype who delves to gather that which thenceforward becomes useless; whose coffers are a pool into which the waters flow, only to stagnate till drained off by death.

NAPOLEON.

BY SAMUEL G. ARNOLD.

THE efforts which have been made by two reverend authors, to cloak the great crimes of Napoleon, and set him forth as an example of patriotism and of devotion to the principles of popular liberty, naturally provoke some observations on the true character and position of that extraordinary man. He is, besides, a good study for the young; and new facts are constantly being developed which will help us the better to understand him.

No man of whom history treats seems to have been so wonderfully endowed as Napoleon. Scarcely inferior to Bacon in the higher realms of thought, he was unequaled by all mankind in his intelligent activities. With amazing facility his mind grasped the master idea of every proposition or plan of action, and with unwavering faith in the decisions to which he arrived, he brought to the accomplishment of his purposes resources and energies which no man, before or since, has been able to wield. Nor did he astonish the world more by the brilliancy of his achievements than by the prescience and forethought with which he provided against contingencies, and met the combinations of his foes; and he was so generally just, magnanimous, and noble in his conduct as to command the admiration and affection of a large portion of his people, and of many good men of our own time, who, unable to comprehend the leading motives of his life, have assigned him a place among the Hampdens and Washingtons who have so illuminated the dark pages of the world's history.

But this error is so glaring, and so abundantly contradicted by all the facts, that it will not be difficult effectually to expose it. That he was great, and powerful, and brilliant, we need not deny; that he did much to improve the material interests of France, may also be true; and that he was not the monster of cruelty and injustice which the English delighted to paint him, is now generally known and acknowledged. But the great leading object of his life was a stupendous error, which no lofty qualities could sanctify, and no measures of governmental policy could cover or redeem. With him the end of life was "glory;" which is only another name for vanity, or an inordinate thirst for fame. But he sought his object by none of the petty devices of meaner minds, but by the more royal way of dazzling manifestations of power, important public works, brilliant achievements, and the pride of greatness and dominion.

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Mr. Abbott would have us believe that he was at heart a republican and the friend of popular liberty; but nothing could be further from the truth. That he sought out and distinguished merit; that he called men from the ordinary walks of life to the service of the state, and surrounded his throne with generals who had come up from the body of the people, is, indeed, quite true; but the object was not so much to benefit the people as to carry out his policy of dominion and glory. He was always willing to do the people a kindness when the act would shed luster on his throne; but all the facts go to show that he valued the people only as they contributed to his success.

In his letters to Joseph, King of Italy, he reveals himself very fully in regard to his views on popular rights and the rights of royalty. He advises Joseph to surround his throne with a hundred generals; to make his army rich; to see that there are always soldiers present to suppress insurrections; to take care that his cannon command the streets; to shoot down the lazaroni; to be sure that the people are mastered. All this being done, and the independence of the people thoroughly crushed out, he intimates that kindness and generosity may be very properly, though sparingly employed; and adds, that if he begins by acts of lenity he will repent it. In speaking of his own affairs he says, "As long as I live I will be master every-where in France;" and in laying down the law to some plunderers of the treasury, he declares that he had made up his mind to have them shot *without trial*.

But such language, strong as it is, is not half so expressive as a whole life of conduct. He who filled his army by the merciless conscription; who left on the fields of Europe the bones of a million of Frenchmen; who made the ground red with the choicest blood of the nations, merely to inaugurate a new race of kings, could be nothing else than a despot, however much his conduct might be gilded with a generous deportment and a princely munificence toward individuals.

The position that Napoleon was not responsible for the wars by which Europe was desolated, taken with so much plausibility by several recent writers, seems to be overcome by an array of facts, far more powerful than any mere form of words. The language of his conduct and policy, however skillful he may have been in throwing the onus of every new campaign on the enemy, was not to be mistaken. It somehow happened that every war ministered not only to the fame of the conqueror, but added also to his dominions. Italy, Naples, Spain,

Holland, etc., were governed by members of the Napoleon family, and every new acquisition made the empire more powerful, while it weakened the adjoining states. The "iron shroud" appeared to be gradually closing around them, and none could tell whose turn it would be to fall next into the embrace of the conqueror. His greed of dominion naturally stimulated combinations against him; and, finally, revolted his friend, Alexander of Russia, and brought all the great powers into a common league to rid Europe of his dangerous presence. It was, therefore, clearly "his policy" which kept the nations so long in arms; and he, as the director of that policy, was fairly responsible for those terrible wars.

If we could separate Napoleon from the leading objects of his life, it would be difficult to find a man among the distinguished of the world's history whose career was so free from reproach. He appears to have been singularly temperate in his habits, faithful in his friendships and conjugal relations, prompt and energetic in the execution of his plans, of the most untiring industry, not cruel in his disposition, not regardless of the interests of his people, not inclined to inhumanity, injustice, revenge, or avarice; while on the other hand his conduct was marked by the most noble impulses and acts of the truest magnanimity. He commanded the willing obedience of his soldiers in the hardest service, and, on his return from Elba, was received by the whole nation with acclamations of joy.

The great error of Napoleon, then, was not in his general deportment, but in the leading objects of his ambition. His inordinate thirst for glory plunged him into all the crimes of despotism. To manifest his power he must have dominion; and with dominion came his great scheme of empire. His policy was, at the bottom, intensely selfish. It proposed to benefit the people only by illustrating the power and greatness of the sovereign. Whatever fixed attention on himself, whatever added to his fame, whatever gave his empire consideration in the eyes of the nations, or made him the admiration of his people, was pursued without regard to oppression or expenditure of life. Hence in time of war he blazed through a campaign like a flaming meteor, and in peace he dashed through his vast dominions with the same impetuosity, leaving in his track orders for the erection of monuments, the building of bridges, the making of roads, and the draining of marshes. Whatever was done for his people was so done as to show forth his genius, and impress the world with his power and greatness. His court, too, was formed on the

same model. It must outdazzle that of other nations; but it must, at the same time, be no useless appendage to the throne. His aristocracy was an aristocracy of services, and not of family. It was mostly composed of such as had made themselves illustrious by great actions. The estimate which he placed on the value of human life was not graduated by its intrinsic worth, but by its power to sever the state and advance his policy. And the vast armies which melted away in his wars were sacrificed without any intelligent prospect of benefiting mankind. He was, in short, just, and generous, and virtuous in all the minor acts of his life, that he might be the more efficient as the scourge of nations.

The crime of despotism to which Napoleon was urged by his love of glory is the most fearful of all crimes, because it embraces all. Behind it are lust, idolatry, murder, and every conceivable form of wickedness. He who sways an arbitrary dominion over his fellows for the mere purpose of ministering to his own selfish appetites, abuses all his powers, and goes counter to all the precepts of religion. He may make a show of piety, as we are told Napoleon did; he may "fast twice in the week and give tithes of all that he possesses;" he may make long prayers and hold the chief seat in the synagogue; but he is utterly devoid of that *charity* which is the aim of all true religion, which "seeketh not her own," and without which, according to the apostle, man "is become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

A despotism converts all the appliances of a government into a machine for crushing mankind; and, whether in the state, or on the plantation, is the farthest possible remove from that "good will to man" which Christ came to proclaim, and which teaches the great duty of loving our neighbor as ourselves, and doing to others as we would have them do to us. Men are not developed by arbitrary rule, but by self-culture and self-government. He whose actions are constrained by another is but half a man: to bring out his full proportions he must have responsibilities and volitions of his own. Despotism destroys these volitions and responsibilities, and is a crime, not merely against individuals, but against society, striking at the security of property, the security of rights, the security of life, and all that is noble and lofty in human nature.

The appalling destruction of life which Napoleon's policy demanded, may, therefore, be justly regarded as so many murders, committed with as little reference to the public good, and as much to minister to selfish lusts as the assaults of the

bandit, or the assassinations of the highwayman. His wars were not for great patriotic purposes, or for the security of human rights; but solely to make a name illustrious through the founding of empire.

Alas! alas! what has posterity to show for Napoleon's long career of blood? Where are the compensating blessings for those years of devastation and woe? With endowments even beyond those of a Paul or a Wesley, and acting on society with vastly greater means, and with more power and brilliancy, where is the fruit of his immense activities? What a theme for reflection does the comparison suggest! The monument of the apostles—it is in the hearts of the millions whom their words have regenerated, and in the noble sacrifices which their example has inspired. The monument of Napoleon—it is in the vast pyramid of the slain laid low at the shrine of his ambition, and in the wails of the widow and fatherless, bereaved by his thirst for glory. Our own Washington, with no such transcendent powers, drew his sword in behalf of the rights of man, and when the victory was won, with a true wisdom returned it to its scabbard. How softly does the shadow of his goodness fall on the rising greatness of his country! How immeasurably do his proportions swell above those of the world's greatest warrior! The one loved himself; the other loved mankind. The one exalted a name and founded a family; the other laid deep the foundations of popular liberty. The one died as the fool dieth, forsaken by the powers which his genius had created, and a prisoner in a far-off island; the other gathered his cloak about him, and laid himself down to soft slumbers at his own home, while his country mourned him as a father, and nations yet unborn will rise up to call him blessed.

THE HAIR.

THE Roman ladies generally wore it long, and dressed it in a variety of ways, bedecked with gold, silver, pearls, and other ornaments. On the contrary, the men among the Greeks and Romans, and among the Jews at a later period, wore their hair short. Among the Greeks both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair as an offering to their favorite deities. It was also customary among them to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. The ancients imagined that no one could die till a lock of hair was cut off; and this act they supposed was performed by the invisible hand of death.

REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

THE great cause of the revolt which, within a few years, was to break forth throughout the Netherlands, was the inquisition. It is almost puerile to look further or deeper, when such a source of convulsion lies at the very outset of any investigation. During the war there had been, for reasons already indicated, an occasional pause in the religious persecution. Philip had now returned to Spain, having arranged, with great precision, a comprehensive scheme for exterminating that religious belief which was already accepted by a very large portion of his Netherland subjects. From afar there rose upon the provinces the prophetic vision of a coming evil still more terrible than any which had yet oppressed them. As across the bright plains of Sicily, when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount *Ætna* is definitely and visibly projected—the phantom of that ever-present enemy, which holds fire and devastation in its bosom—so, in the morning hour of Philip's reign, the shadow of the inquisition was cast from afar across those warm and smiling provinces—a specter menacing fiercer flames and wider desolation than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass.

There has been a good deal of somewhat superfluous discussion concerning the different kinds of inquisition. The distinction drawn between the Papal, the Episcopal, and the Spanish inquisitions, did not, in the sixteenth century, convince many unsophisticated minds of the merits of the establishment in any of its shapes. However classified or entitled, it was a machine for inquiring into a man's thoughts, and for burning him if the result was not satisfactory.

The Spanish inquisition, strictly so called, that is to say, the modern or latter institution established by Pope Alexander VI and Ferdinand the Catholic, was doubtless invested with a more complete apparatus for inflicting human misery, and for appalling human imagination, than any of the other less artfully arranged inquisitions, whether papal or episcopal. It had been originally devised for Jews or Moors, whom the Christianity of the age did not regard as human beings, but who could not be banished without depopulating certain districts. It was soon, however, extended from pagans to heretics. The Dominican *Torquemada* was the first Moloch to be placed upon this pedestal of blood and fire, and from that day forward the "holy office" was almost exclusively in the hands of that band of brothers. In the eighteen years of *Torquemada's* administration, ten thousand, two hundred

and twenty individuals were burnt alive, and ninety-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-one punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment, so that the total number of families destroyed by this one friar alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred and one. In course of time the jurisdiction of the office was extended. It taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity. The fear of its introduction froze the earlier heretics of Italy, France, and Germany into orthodoxy. It was a court owning allegiance to no temporal authority, superior to all other tribunals. It was a bench of monks without appeal, having its familiars in every house, diving into the secrets of every fireside, judging, and executing its horrible decrees without responsibility. It condemned not deeds, but thoughts. It affected to descend into individual conscience, and to punish the crimes which it pretended to discover. Its process was reduced to a horrible simplicity. It arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire. Two witnesses, and those to separate facts, were sufficient to consign the victim to a loathsome dungeon. Here he was sparingly supplied with food, forbidden to speak, or even to sing—to which pastime it could hardly be thought he would feel much inclination—and then left to himself, till famine and misery should break his spirit. When that time was supposed to have arrived he was examined. Did he confess, and forswear his heresy, whether actually innocent or not, he might then assume the sacred shirt, and escape with confiscation of all his property. Did he persist in the avowal of his innocence, two witnesses sent him to the stake, one witness to the rack. He was informed of the testimony against him, but never confronted with the witness. That accuser might be his son, father, or the wife of his bosom, for all were enjoined, under the death-penalty, to inform the inquisitors of every suspicious word which might fall from their nearest relatives. The indictment being thus supported, the prisoner was tried by torture. The rack was the court of justice; the criminal's only advocate was his fortitude—for the nominal counselor, who was permitted no communication with the prisoner, and was furnished neither with documents nor with power to procure evidence, was a puppet, aggravating the lawlessness of the proceedings by the mockery of legal forms. The torture took place at midnight, in a gloomy dungeon, dimly lighted by torches. The victim—whether man, matron, or tender virgin—was stripped naked, and then

stretched upon the wooden bench. Water, weights, fires, pulleys, screws—all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained without cracking, the bones crushed without breaking, and the body racked exquisitely without giving up its ghost, was now put into operation. The executioner, enveloped in a black robe from head to foot, with his eyes glaring at his victim through holes cut in the hood which muffled his face, practiced successively all the forms of torture which the devilish ingenuity of the monks had invented. The imagination sickens when striving to keep pace with these dreadful realities. Those who wish to indulge their curiosity concerning the details of the system, may easily satisfy themselves at the present day. The flood of light which has been poured upon the subject more than justifies the horror and the rebellion of the Netherlanders.

The period during which torture might be inflicted from day to day was unlimited in duration. It could only be terminated by confession; so that the scaffold was the sole refuge from the rack. Individuals have borne the torture and the dungeon fifteen years, and have been burned at the stake at last.

Execution followed confession, but the number of condemned prisoners was allowed to accumulate, that a multitude of victims might grace each great gala-day. The *auto da fe* was a solemn festival. The monarch, the high functionaries of the land, the reverend clergy, the populace regarded it as an inspiring and delightful recreation. When the appointed morning arrived, the victim was taken from his dungeon. He was then attired in a yellow robe without sleeves, like a herald's coat, embroidered all over with black figures of devils. A large conical paper miter was placed upon his head, upon which was represented a human being in the midst of flames, surrounded by imps. His tongue was then painfully gagged, so that he could neither open nor shut his mouth. After he was thus accoutered, and just as he was leaving his cell, a breakfast, consisting of every delicacy, was placed before him, and he was urged, with ironical politeness, to satisfy his hunger. He was then led forth into the public square. The procession was formed with great pomp. It was headed by the little school children, who were immediately followed by the band of prisoners, each attired in the horrible yet ludicrous manner described. Then came the magistrates and nobility, the prelates and other dignitaries of the Church: the holy inquisitors, with their officials and familiars, followed, all on horseback, with the blood-red

flag of the "sacred office" waving above them, blazoned upon either side with the portraits of Alexander and of Ferdinand, the pair of brothers who had established the institution. After the procession came the rabble. When all had reached the neighborhood of the scaffold, and had been arranged in order, a sermon was preached to the assembled multitude. It was filled with laudations of the Inquisition, and with blasphemous revilings against the condemned prisoners. Then the sentences were read to the individual victims. Then the clergy chanted the fifty-first psalm, the whole vast throng uniting in one tremendous *miserere*. If a priest happened to be among the culprits, he was now stripped of the canonicals which he had hitherto worn, while his hands, lips, and shaven crown were scraped with a bit of glass, by which process the oil of his consecration was supposed to be removed. He was then thrown into the common herd. Those of the prisoners who were reconciled, and those whose execution was not yet appointed, were now separated from the others. The rest were compelled to mount a scaffold, where the executioner stood ready to conduct them to the fire. The inquisitors then delivered them into his hands, with an ironical request that he would deal with them tenderly, and without blood-letting or injury. Those who remained steadfast to the last were then burned at the stake; they who in the last extremity renounced their faith were strangled before being thrown into the flames. Such was the *Spanish* inquisition—technically so called. It was, according to the biographer of Philip II, a "heavenly remedy, a guardian angel of paradise, a lions' den in which Daniel and other just men could sustain no injury, but in which perverse sinners were torn to pieces." It was a tribunal superior to all human law, without appeal, and certainly owing no allegiance to the powers of earth or heaven. No rank, high or humble, was safe from its jurisdiction. The royal family were not sacred, nor the pauper's hovel. Even death afforded no protection. The holy office invaded the prince in his palace and the beggar in his shroud. The corpses of dead heretics were mutilated and burned. The inquisitors preyed upon carcasses and rifled graves. A gorgeous festival of the holy office had, as we have seen, welcomed Philip to his native land. The news of these tremendous *autos da fe*, in which so many illustrious victims had been sacrificed before their sovereign's eyes, had reached the Netherlands almost simultaneously with the bulls creating the new bishoprics in the provinces. It was not

likely that the measure would be rendered more palatable by this intelligence of the royal amusements.

Previously to the accession of Charles V, it can not be said that an inquisition had been established in the provinces. Isolated instances to the contrary, adduced by the canonists who gave their advice to Margaret of Parma, rather proved the absence than the existence of the system. In the reign of Philip the Good, the vicar of the inquisitor-general gave sentence against some heretics, who were burned in Lille, 1448. In 1459, Pierre Troussart, a Jacobin monk, condemned many Waldenses, together with some leading citizens of Artois, accused of sorcery and heresy. He did this, however, as inquisitor for the Bishop of Arras, so that it was an act of Episcopal, and not Papal inquisition. In general, when inquisitors were wanted in the provinces, it was necessary to borrow them from France or Germany. The exigences of persecution making a domestic staff desirable, Charles V, in the year 1522, applied to his ancient tutor, whom he had placed on the Papal throne.

Among the inquisitors, the name of Peter Titelmann was pre-eminent. He executed his infamous functions throughout Flanders, Douay, and Tournay, the most thriving and populous portions of the Netherlands, with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity which hardly seemed human. There was a kind of grim humor about the man. The woman who, according to Lear's fool, was wont to thrust her live eels into the hot paste, "rapping them o' the coxcombs with a stick, and crying reproachfully, wantons, lie down!" had the spirit of a true inquisitor. Even so dealt Titelmann with his heretics writhing on the rack or in the flames. Contemporary chronicles give a picture of him as of some grotesque, yet terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day, alone, on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the head with a great club, spreading dismay far and wide, dragging suspected persons from their fire-sides or their beds, and thrusting them into dungeons, arresting, torturing, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of warrant, information, or process.

The secular sheriff, familiarly called Red-Rod, from the color of his wand of office, meeting this inquisitor, Titelmann, one day upon the high road, thus wonderingly addressed him:

"How can you venture to go about alone, or at most with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt to execute my office, except at the head of a

strong force, armed in proof; and then only at the peril of my life?"

"Ah! Red-Rod," answered Peter, jocosely, "you deal with bad people. I have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken like lambs."

"Mighty well!" said the other; "but if you arrest all the good people, and I all the bad, 'tis difficult to say who in the world is to escape chastisement."

The reply of the inquisitor has not been recorded, but there is no doubt that he proceeded like a strong man to run his day's course.

He was the most active of all the agents in the religious persecution at the epoch of which we are now treating, but he had been inquisitor for many years. The martyrology of the provinces reeks with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds. Hearing once that a certain schoolmaster, named Geleyn de Muler, of Audemarde, "was addicted to reading the Bible," he summoned the culprit before him, and accused him of heresy. The schoolmaster claimed, "if he were guilty of any crime, to be tried before the judges of his town." "You are my prisoner," said Titelmann, "and are to answer me and none other." The inquisitor proceeded accordingly to catechise him, and soon satisfied himself of the schoolmaster's heresy. He commanded him to make immediate recantation. The schoolmaster refused. "Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the demoniac Titelmann. "God knows," answered the heretic, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all only to have them with me, even had I to live on bread and water, and in bondage." "You have then," answered the inquisitor, "only to renounce the error of your opinions." "Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth," answered the prisoner. Thereupon Titelmann sentenced him to the stake. He was strangled and then thrown into the flames.

At about the same time, Thomas Calberg, tapestry weaver, of Tournay, within the jurisdiction of the same inquisitor, was convicted of having copied some hymns from a book printed in Geneva. He was burned alive. Another man, whose name has perished, was hacked to death with seven blows of a rusty sword, in presence of his wife, who was so horror-stricken that she died on the spot before her husband. His crime, to be sure, was anabaptism, the most

deadly offense in the calendar. In the same year, one Walter Kapell was burned at the stake for heretical opinions. He was a man of some property, and beloved by the poor people of Dixmuyde, in Flanders, where he resided, for his many charities. A poor idiot, who had often been fed by his bounty, called out to the inquisitor's subalterns, as they bound his patron to the stake, "Ye are bloody murderers; that man has done no wrong; but has given me bread to eat." With these words he cast himself into the flames, to perish with his protector, but was with difficulty rescued by the officers. A day or two afterward he made his way to the stake, where the half-burnt skeleton of Walter Kapell still remained, took the body upon his shoulders, and carried it through the streets to the house of the chief burgomaster, where several other magistrates happened to be in session. Forcing his way into their presence, he laid his burden at their feet, crying, "There, murderers! ye have eaten his flesh, now eat his bones!" It has not been recorded whether Titelmann sent him to keep company with his friend in the next world. The fate of so obscure a victim could hardly find room on the crowded pages of Netherland martyrdom.

This kind of work, which went on daily, did not increase the love of the people for the inquisition or the edicts. It terrified many, but it inspired more with that noble resistance to oppression, particularly to religious oppression, which is the sublimest instinct of human nature. Men confronted the terrible inquisitors with a courage equal to their cruelty. At Tournay, one of the chief cities of Titelmann's district, and almost before his eyes, one Bertrand le Blas, a velvet manufacturer, committed what was held an almost incredible crime. Having begged his wife and children to pray for a blessing upon what he was about to undertake, he went on Christmas day to the Cathedral of Tournay, and stationed himself near the altar. Having awaited the moment in which the priest held on high the consecrated host, Le Blas then forced his way through the crowd, snatched the wafer from the hands of the astonished ecclesiastic, and broke it into bits, crying aloud as he did so, "Misguided men, do ye take this thing to be Jesus Christ, your Lord and Savior?" With these words he threw the fragments on the ground, and trampled them with his feet. The amazement and horror were so universal at such an appalling offense, that not a finger was raised to arrest the criminal. Priests and congregation were alike paralyzed, so that he would have found no difficulty in making

his escape. He did not stir, however; he had come to the church determined to execute what he considered a sacred duty, and to abide the consequences. After a time he was apprehended. The inquisitor demanded if he repented of what he had done. He protested, on the contrary, that he gloried in the deed, and that he would die a hundred deaths to rescue from such daily profanation the name of his Redeemer, Christ. He was then put thrice to the torture, that he might be forced to reveal his accomplices. It did not seem in human power for one man to accomplish such a deed of darkness without confederates. Bertrand had none, however, and could denounce none. A frantic sentence was then devised as a feeble punishment for so much wickedness. He was dragged on a hurdle, with his mouth closed with an iron gag, to the marketplace. Here his right hand and foot were burned and twisted off between two red-hot irons. His tongue was then torn out by the roots, and because he still endeavored to call upon the name of God, the iron gag was again applied. With his arms and legs fastened together behind his back, he was then hooked by the middle of his body to an iron chain, and made to swing to and fro over a slow fire till he was entirely roasted. His life lasted almost to the end of these ingenious tortures, but his fortitude lasted as long as his life.

In the next year, Titelmann caused one Robert Ogier, of Ryssel, in Flanders, to be arrested, together with his wife and two sons. Their crime consisted in not going to mass, and in practicing private worship at home. They confessed the offense, for they protested that they could not endure to see the profanation of their Savior's name in the idolatrous sacraments. They were asked what rites they practiced in their own house. One of the sons, a mere boy, answered, "We fall on our knees, and pray to God that he may enlighten our hearts, and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign, that his reign may be prosperous, and his life peaceful. We also pray for the magistrates and others in authority, that God may protect and preserve them all." The boy's simple eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of some of his judges; for the inquisitor had placed the case before the civil tribunal. The father and eldest son were, however, condemned to the flames. "O God!" prayed the youth at the stake, "eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives, in the name of thy beloved Son." "Thou liest, scoundrell!" fiercely interrupted a monk, who was lighting the fire; "God is not your father; ye are the

devil's children." As the flames rose about them, the boy cried out once more, "Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth." "Thou liest! thou liest!" again screamed the monk; "all hell is opening, and you see ten thousand devils thrusting you into eternal fire." Eight days afterward, the wife of Ogier, and his other son, were burned; so that there was an end of that family.

Such are a few isolated specimens of the manner of proceeding in a single district of the Netherlands. The inquisitor, Titelmann, certainly deserved his terrible reputation. Men called him Saul, the persecutor, and it was well known that he had been originally tainted with the heresy which he had, for so many years, been furiously chastising. At the epoch which now engages our attention, he felt stimulated by the avowed policy of the government to fresh exertions, by which all his previous achievements should be cast into the shade. In one day he broke into a house in Ryssel, seized John de Swarte, his wife, and four children, together with two newly-married couples, and two other persons, convicted them of reading the Bible, and of praying in their own doors, and had them all immediately burned.

Are these things related merely to excite superfluous horror? Are the sufferings of these obscure Christians beneath the dignity of history? Is it not better to deal with murder and oppression in the abstract, without entering into trivial details? The answer is, that these things are the history of the Netherlands at this epoch; that these hideous details furnish the causes of that immense movement, out of which a great republic was born, and an ancient tyranny destroyed; and that Cardinal Granville was ridiculous when he asserted that the people would not open their mouths if the seigniors did not make such a noise. Because the great lords "owed their very souls"—because convulsions might help to pay their debts, and furnish forth their masquerades and banquets—because the Prince of Orange was ambitious, and Egmont jealous of the Cardinal; therefore superficial writers found it quite natural that the country should be disturbed, although that "vile and mischievous animal, the people," might have no objection to a continuance of the system which had been at work so long. On the contrary, it was exactly because the movement was a popular and a religious movement that it will always retain its place among the most important events

of history. Dignified documents, state papers, solemn treaties, are often of no more value than the lambskin on which they are engrossed. Ten thousand nameless victims, in the cause of religious and civil freedom, may build up great states, and alter the aspect of whole continents.—*Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

PLEASURES OF HOME.

BY J. D. BELL.

HOME is the most appropriate seat of all the most familiar occupations, intimacies, and endearments of humanity. Here alone it is that the affections can be really at liberty; that a joyous contentment can be fully realized; that the kindlier feelings of the heart can be suitably cultivated; that the intellect can find its most healthful recreation; that, in short, life itself can be continually supplied with that moisture which keeps its juice from drying up, and refreshes the drooping energies.

A good home is a place of most tranquil enjoyments. It has scenes that never lose their charms; a mother's peaceful face, a father's generous look, pretty children playing harmless plays, pleasant views from doors and windows of sunrises and sunsets, orchards and groves, meadows and hills, birds and beasts. What need ever enter the precincts of such a delightful place, to bring annoyance, care, or disheartenment?

That man who has no sweet home to resort to, can not rightly enjoy existence. There is a large part of his affectional nature which he must be under the necessity of constantly ignoring and neglecting. He acquires habits of life which are unfortunate, and which he would not have acquired under pleasant domestic circumstances. His heart gathers a sort of barbaric coldness. There is a want of friendly frankness in his expression, and of tenderness in his look. He has nothing to keep him from becoming irrecoverably worldly and fashionable, morose and selfish. The influences of home are a sort of safeguard against all tendencies toward a congealed and uncharitable state of the sensibilities. They school the heart to a beautiful openness of feeling, and a constant intention to be willingly generous. Goethe, in his "Faust," quotes a proverb which finely expresses the worth of home. It is this:

"A hearth-stone that one owns,
And a good wife, weigh more than precious stones."

Lord Bacon has given it as his opinion, that even "the despising of marriage among the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base;" and he has declared, as a general truth, that

"wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and that single men, though they may be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, because their tenderness is not so often called upon."

In contemplating the pleasures of domestic experience, we should not neglect to notice the sweet influence of home-scenes in connection with the superadded and softening enchantment of delightful recollections of early life. All men who were happy in the circumstances of their birth and parentage, unite in pronouncing the place where they passed their childhood, to be the most pleasing and attractive place on earth. Memory seems to find its rest in no other direction than that which leads toward this one spot. Its precious lodestone is located there. No matter to how high a position fortune or genius may bear us; no matter in what distant latitude or longitude our lot may be cast, the same lovely spell will always be upon our spirits, drawing us almost irresistibly back to the never-to-be-forgotten seat of our pristine experiences. The reason of this is, probably, to be looked for in the fact that there is an enjoyment felt in our early domestic life, the full charm of which is irrecoverable in after years. That part of existence which compassed our childhood, is a life by itself. Its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, trials and triumphs, are all peculiar to one stage of experience. The moment we bade adieu to the parental roof beneath which we were born we became essentially new beings. Never more were we to be the smiling flowers of innocence and purity we had hitherto been, flourishing under the foster care of the kindest guardians in the world. Never more were we to be the gay and guileless boys and girls we had been wont to be in years gone by. Our manner of dress and of living, our style of conversation, our occupation and interests, affections and desires—all were to change from that hour. O what an hour was that! Every day hence was but to tell our distance, further and further, from the sweet life we had been living before. Stern and stubborn realities were now to meet us and be grappled with at every hand. We were to go forth and learn how to toil and to conquer, how to meet scorn and defy resistance. And if, in a few years afterward, we should be permitted to return to the old homestead again, we were to find, even so soon, all of ourselves that once mingled as a part and parcel in its scenes and associations of domestic beauty, "glimmering through the dream

of things that were," and charmingly mocking the strange features which our dispositions and prospects had, in so short a time, assumed. In vain were we to wish ourselves the same bright and innocent children we once were. In vain were we to sigh for those guiltless eyes we once had, which never used to shrink from a searching gaze, or from a look of tender distrust; we were to regard ourselves as entirely and forever changed—changed from blooming, sportive youths, into stern-browed, shrewd, speculative men—men schooled by a course of mixed experience to the practice of strongly and strictly defending "individual rights."

And here began that long term of years in which there was to be felt within us at times an undefinable longing to draw near the old familiar home, and linger thoughtfully there for a season, tracing with a soothing, though sad delight, the memorials of our earlier and brighter being, somewhat as the traveler loves to wander among the ruined gardens of Pompeii, or the remaining evidences of the attractive pomp of old Memphis, surveying the rich relics of ancient pride and beauty that are going to sacred dust around him.

If you have a home, reader, off yonder in the distance, you know all about this. Many, many times have you been there, and tried to be a boy again—the same laughing, leaping, pure-hearted boy that you once were. But you found that the secret of the unconsciously experienced bliss of that far-off life was forever lost; that the peculiar freshness which gave a wonderful mobility to your early blood had all bounded from your veins; and, although you might be youthful and happy, yet you could never again be a *boy*. And as you have wandered, on some beautiful day, amid the places and scenes where long ago you sported, as you can never sport again, there, perhaps, arose in your soul a pleasant, though somewhat mournful pining for early innocence and gladness, such as we ourselves, after once enjoying a similar season of serene musings, felt interest enough in, to hastily throw them into the following verses:

For some years past I've been a lonely ranger,
Trusting the world for love and friendly care;
And now I have returned, somewhat a stranger,
To the old spot I yearned for, every-where.

They greet me home—fond parent, sister—
And call me by my boyhood's wonted name;
And one dear moment I am not another,
But, as it used to, throbs my heart the same.

But why now steals this tender sadness o'er me,
As with these scenes my thoughts and feelings blend?
Why does it seem, with all these charms before me,
As though I had just lost some bosom friend?

I need not ask, for well I know the reason,
Why this soft sorrow tinges all my joy;
Amid the relics of life's early season,
I'm sad to think I am no more a boy.

The old trees o'er the threshold still are flinging
Their shadows just as in the early time;
And here the path is where I once ran singing,
And there the gate it was such bliss to climb.

They are the same, these old chairs standing 'round me,
Those curious pictures that adorn the wall,
The playthings of my childhood that surround me,
I can not see as they have changed at all.

But I have changed. I seek the charming places,
Where once I frolicked, laughed, and sung,
Yet do but linger to sigh o'er the traces
Of the gay life I lived when bright and young.

In dreams of night I see those years of beauty,
Yet hail I not as then the dewy dawn;
Made callous now by care, and worn by duty,
I know the spring-time of my life is gone!

But it is to the pleasures of home, viewed more as a subject of practical than of ideal consideration, that I would direct special attention in this essay. Hence, let me go on to notice how essential these pleasures are to a happy living and a gentle dying.

If my friend, the reader, would have a vivid conception of the value of the softening and improving delights of domestic life, let him just picture to his mind the case of an old man who has lived all alone from his earliest youth without experiencing them at all. What a winter must such a man carry in his countenance, and about his heart! Nothing does he know of that yearning of affectionate care, which is itself a bliss—nothing of the charm of familiar household intercommunion—nothing of the joy of labor shared in domestic love—nothing of that serenity of mind which is the reward of generous deeds done for the sake of gratifying an unselfish interest in one's own family. Never has he felt the sweet strivings of that cheerful ambition which leads to the building of a convenient dwelling-house on a pleasant site of ground, and to the furnishing of it tastefully, and adorning of it beautifully. Never has he planted with his own hand a garden, and watched and watered it with the tender anxiety of one who keeps ever in view the realization of a good which is to be participated in by others dearer to him than his own life. Never has his rough voice been mellowed by a mild and winning intonation, by the soft, melting speech of a loving wife, and never have his rude, masculine manners been polished by the imperceptibly molding influence of her native gracefulness and refinement. He has never been used to meet starry-eyed children,

coming to hail him from the wanderings or the toils of the day, with the pleasant shout of "father!" upon their lips; and, alas! he has never been wont to experience a sweet renewal of his early youth, by dandling those little flowers of humanity upon his knees, or sporting with them out in the sunshine. And now he has got to be an old man, with wrinkled cheeks, and locks bleakly white; and a wretched old age has he come to, forsooth! His spirit is hopelessly sour. He can scarcely speak a soft, kind word, now, to save his life. His limbs are stiff and feeble, and his joints pain him a great deal. He has no loving ones to care for him tenderly, to help him go forth and breathe the sweet air of day, or to arrange his pillow for calm repose through the silent night.

Little boys and girls, you must look out how you venture around the old man, now. It will not do to attempt to climb his knees, or to laugh and sport loudly about him, for he is feeble, and weary, and dim-sighted, and very, very petulant.

I tell you, honorable reader, that old age without a home to spend its last days in, and the familiar hands of long-loved domestic kindred to minister to its wants, is a most intolerable personification of crabbed sullenness. And viewed under these circumstances of privation, who can not see a deep truthfulness in De Quincey's declaration of it, that "unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart!"

But the truth ought not to be ignored in treating of the topic now before us, that home is not, of necessity, a place of pleasant experiences and of delightful associations. Home-happiness, like every kind of human happiness, is conditional.

The drunkard's home is no place of gladness. Its inmates are poorly cared for. Its roof is dilapidated. Grief sits in its chairs. Want moans in its pantry. Woe hovers over its hearth-stone. The days are spent there in tearful repining, and the nights in bitter sleep. And, then, there are homes, which, though not cursed with brutal inebriety, are yet no seats of domestic harmony and repose; for many spoil the pleasantries of their firesides by failing to realize fully its inestimable preciousness. Sometimes the rudeness of ill-willed children makes home unhappy; but more often parental unreserve and harshness.

To be a place of pleasure, home must be a place of cheerful contentment. Gentleness must reign there, and no element of inharmony be ever admitted. Rough words can not be spoken

with impunity within these dear domestic inclosures. Selfishness, if once permitted to enter, will surely make a havoc and a ruin there, which can only be compared with that made in Paradise by the serpent of the first temptation.

Would you have a happy home, a model home, my friend? Then you must exert yourself to make it such. If you sustain the parental relation, great will be the responsibility resting upon you for your every-day bearing and influence. Let me charge you, therefore, with the warmth and faithfulness of a brother, never to go to that spot with bleak unkindness in your face, or on your lips. If the world has ill-treated you, and got you inveterately piqued at its maxims, I warn you to muzzle well that grumbling mouth before you enter that old familiar door, to join once more the household circle. Let your complaints and sour words against the world be made out in it, where they belong, and never do you let them be morosely mouthed at the fireside—that place which ought to be consecrated serenely above such lugubrious rehearsals from tell-tale lips.

And then, you must remember, also, to be always gentle and cheerful with those little sons and daughters of yours, whose bright eyes sparkle, and whose glad voices echo within the precincts of your home. O, do not, by a course of tyrannical extortion of scrupulous obedience to your will—which may be no more sacred than theirs—fill their young hearts with iron before they have fairly got into their teens! Love them, and they will love you. Be very kind to them, and they will take pleasure in being very kind to you. Rule in your household, not so much by exciting servile fear, as by touching a sense of honorable feeling. In other words, rule by appearing not to rule. Please to bear in mind that your look of wrath, and your angry word, can have no tendency to improve the disposition of the one to whom they are directed; they can only tend to deteriorate it, by stimulating malevolent passions. In all your domestic relations, you can not be too mindful of the truth which has been expressed so admirably by Dr. Reid, in making a comparison between our benevolent and malevolent affections, that "nature loudly admonishes us to use the former as our daily bread, both for health and pleasure; but to consider the latter as a nauseous medicine, which is never to be taken without necessity, and even then in no greater quantity than the necessity requires."

By all means you should avoid that most low and brutal practice of allowing your hand to fly

hold of some instrument of cruel flagellation every time any one of those beautiful jewels of the fireside happens to gratify its youthful curiosity in a forbidden manner. A great many parents treat their children, somewhat as the crocodiles along the borders of the Nile are said to treat certain domestic animals that go there to allay their thirst; that is, by grabbing them with a furious earnestness, and a terrible determination, whenever the poor, unsuspecting creatures venture too near some place that is selfishly guarded.

And here is something that should not be forgotten in inquiring into the conditions of a happy home. It is this: the sympathy felt by parents for their children should compass their highest welfare. Their minds should be to them objects of tender solicitude as well as their bodies. It is not enough to care for the little members of the home circle, merely to the extent of seeing that their faces look bright oftener than sorrowful, and that they laugh more than they cry; that they are provided with all the essentials of physical contentment and health, and are growing up to be beautiful, and generous, and well-tempered in regard to their social character. Their good fortune as intellectual beings should be carefully seen to likewise. They should be sent to the best of schools, should be freely furnished with a large variety of interesting books, and should be kindly encouraged in the work of education. And what a noble pleasure might be afforded through this channel of sympathetic interest! What sight is adapted to yield a richer delight to parental hearts, than that of a son or a daughter who has acquired a constant relish for knowledge? who has come to see something of that infinity of beautiful relations and realities which is opened only to those whose minds have taken the higher degrees of development? who is ever rejoicing in the brilliant consciousness of freshly gained triumphs of study and thought? Too many, far too many parents there are who grudge every dollar paid out by them in the purchase of intellectual advantages for those they have brought into the world, almost as much as though they were throwing it into a river, never to be heard from again after once striking the watery surface. And too many bright-eyed boys and girls there are who have wept, and wept again, over their native home-hearths, because their fathers and mothers should be too blind to see any special need for buying them books, and sending them to the higher seats of learning. If you but consider the proportion of young men in our own land that are furnished by parents with the means of acquiring a college education,

you will be able to judge how very few of those who have families were tenderly interested, or take a lively delight in the education of their children. Who can tell how many a noble youth is this moment pining beneath the roof of the home where he was born, for an introduction into that higher life of which the keen eye of his unfledged genius has already caught glimpses that will not let him sleep? Parents there are, enough of them, who seem to love their children, and to be willing to die for them, almost; but who, notwithstanding all their ardor of affection and bountiful kindness, are yet, in respect of the mental welfare of those very children, the poorest benefactors they have in the world. And why should this be so? What bestowment, or bequest, can a parent put a child in possession of, that could be more valuable to it, than the treasures of the mind? What better interest on money can there be, than that which appears in the lives of intellects, rescued by means of it from languishing obscurity, and made mightily and widely useful? Is not all other wealth transitory and mean compared with the riches of a well-furnished soul?

If parents would have the acts of sympathy done by them for their offspring returned with a noble joy, they must assist them in the cultivation and enrichment of their immortal as well as their mortal natures; they must take an interest in seeing intellectual gifts and legacies secured to them, as well as those which are for the most part merely material and temporary.

The most beautiful domestic association that, it seems to me, could be connected, historically, with a parent in old age, is that which is inseparable from the name of children, one of the seven sages of ancient Greece, who fell dead for joy upon hearing that his own son had gained a noble triumph in one of the Olympic games! And an association partaking in a measure of the same interesting charm, though not tenderly solemnized by a similar issue of fatal rapture, is that which the exulting Epaminondas threw around his aged parents, to sweetly shine in honor of them forever, in the famous expression he made, after the battle of Leuctra, of his thanksgiving to the gods in view of the fact that those parents still survived to enjoy his fame!

SERENITY OF MIND.

SERENITY of mind is nothing worth unless it has been earned. A man should be at once susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

THE NAZARITE PILGRIM.

BY REV. J. M. CERRY.

I'm going to Mount Zion,
 The city of my God,
 To join the ransomed millions
 Within that blest abode;
 Enrobed in spotless garments,
 Washed white in Jesus' blood,
 They bear the palms of victory,
 In the city of my God.

I'm going to see the apostles,
 In the city of my God,
 Who testified the Gospel,
 And sealed it with their blood:
 His first enlisted soldiers,
 And with his might endued,
 They fought on after Jesus,
 To the city of my God.

I'm going to see the martyrs,
 In the city of my God,
 And hear them sing the story
 Of the bloody way they trod:
 Through fiery persecutions,
 In the battle's front they stood,
 And forced their passage onward,
 To the city of my God.

I'm going to hear the angels,
 In the city of my God,
 Like the voice of many waters,
 And sound of thunders loud,
 Rehearse Immanuel's triumph
 O'er death and hell subdued;
 And welcome home his ransomed,
 To the city of my God.

I'm going to see Jesus,
 In the city of my God,
 And view him in his glory,
 Without a dimming cloud;
 To take the crown and kingdom
 He purchased with his blood,
 And reign with him forever
 In the city of my God.

Thou breakest on my vision,
 O city of my God!
 Thy groves of life unfading,
 Along thy crystal flood;
 Thy golden streets transparent,
 By shining millions trod;
 And all thy mystic wonders,
 O city of my God!

I hear thy triumphs ringing,
 Thou city of my God;
 The voice of countless myriads,
 As mighty thunders loud;
 Which rolls the eternal anthem
 Throughout thy high abode;
 Shaking thy fixed splendors,
 O city of my God!

I bless the glorious vision
 Of the city of my God!

And bear with sterner spirit
 My weight of sorrow's load,
 And tread with lighter footsteps
 My weary pilgrim road,
 As afar I see thee shining,
 Thou city of my God.

A little while a pilgrim
 To the city of my God;
 A little while a soldier
 Amid life's battle crowd,
 And I will drop my armor
 On the brink of Jordan's flood,
 And the pearly portals enter,
 To the city of my God.

Press onward, brother pilgrim,
 To the city of our God,
 Along the olden pathway
 Our sainted fathers trod;
 By the word of testimony,
 And Jesus' conquering blood,
 We shall come home to Zion,
 The city of our God.

THE GRAVE OF DAY.

BY HATTIE A. GERE.

"At evening, the grave of the day, let us kneel, read the inscription upon her tombstone, and therefrom learn wisdom."

'Tis eve: the buried day lies low at rest,
 The gliding hours proclaim it is no more;
 And calmly sinking in the purpled west,
 The sun departs, his daily mission o'er.

Night spreads around her gloomy, sable pall,
 And starry watchers keep the vestal fire,
 While Luna hovering sadly over all,
 Lights with her friendly rays the funeral pyre.

The zephyrs softly breathe a mournful dirge,
 And winds their *harsher* notes forget to sing;
 A requiem rises from the ocean surge,
 As to the grave the *corse of day* they bring.

The deeds and virtues of the honored dead;
 Its *age*, the *time* it left the circling year,
 Can each in lines of livid light be read,
 For *twilight* made the record as she dropt a *tear*.

'Twas *born*—the morning stars together sang;
 It *lived*, and loved rejoicings shook the earth;
 It *waned*—with pensive notes the welkin rang;
 It *died*, and *silence* hushed the voice of mirth.

Draw near the grave, and at the *tombstone* kneel;
 Read the inscription; to thy heart apply;
 Learn *wisdom*; let thy *inner being* feel
 Thou hast a *work to do*, as hours fly.

THE TIME-PIECE.

MONITOR of failing man,
 MEASURER of life's short span,
 PREACHER of a life-long text,
 POINTING from this world to next.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CONVENT LIFE."

THE Dumbarton December day had been enveloped in an easterly haze; the mountains completely shrouded; the sea invisible; the trees, already leafless, projecting their thread-like branches through the thick vapor which had en-crusted both them and the grass with a hoary rind. A steamer or two had ventured cautiously across the river to carry passengers to the railway; but none had dared to attempt the voyage to the town of G—; and one, in endeavoring to reach the pier of H—, had suddenly found herself off the wooded promontory of Ardmore. It had been truly a dreary day; a day to keep indoors, with books, and work, and music, and to stir up the blazing fire.

But in the afternoon the atmosphere became rather less dense; there was a gleam overhead; then a parting of the clouds; and then the sun broke forth like a great ball of fire, changing the rolled-back clouds into glowing gold.

The light on mist and vapor was magnificent, and the half-unveiled sea displayed a streak of burning yellow brightness. At eventide it was light.

And the light was inexpressibly grand. The sun, like a conqueror, overcoming cloud, and mist, and all that had obscured his brightness, obliged them to minister to his glory, like enemies chained to his chariot-wheels.

Thus shall it be with the Sun of righteousness, when, in the latter day, he shall burst upon the world with healing in his wings; when the long desolations shall be over-past, and the earth shall be flooded with the glory of the Lord.

And thus it is often in the experience of the individual Christian. Religion is not a thing of gloom and cloud; it is a lamp, a light, a sun; the very thing to cheer a desolate heart, and to brighten still more a bright spirit. But it is not unfrequently possessed by a person of morbid sensitiveness, whose unhappiness has been the means of driving him to it as the only source of enjoyment; but who, in consequence of his natural bias, fails to receive from it the pleasure it is calculated to bestow. And sometimes He whose wisdom is infinite, perceives in the children of his love faults which sorrow alone can cure; and then he sends it as a true blessing. Thus cloud and mist often rest upon the greater part of a Christian's life.

But just as often do the clouds break at evening; just as often at eventide there is light.

There is a strong disposition in the human

heart to expect that this will be so, although the expectation may be one of mere worldliness.

See yon man of business. He has toiled through many a long year; he had many misfortunes in early life; he is now beginning to retrieve them; and ever and anon there flit over his brain visions of a plentiful and peaceful old age. That soldier, who is recovering of his wounds after hardships and dangers, is dreaming of home and fireside joys, when his shattered limbs shall be healed and the toil of war be over. That desolate man, who has been a wanderer on the earth, in the loneliness of his spirit, sees a little speck of light in the future, when "some home for him shall smile," and when affection shall minister to his closing days; while the widowed mother fancies that one day her cares and anxieties shall repose in the house of her son, and his gratitude and love shall awaken joy once more in her bereaved heart.

These dreams are very pleasant, but usually fallacious; and at best they are merely worldly dreams. I have before the eye of my mind a successful man of business; he had many years of calm enjoyment, but old age came; death came to one and another of the circle he loved; and infirmity came to himself; and one day looking back with tears in his eyes, he said to me, "Those were happy years, but they are gone now."

I knew in my early days the family of an English admiral who had gained victory for his country and laurels for himself. Age approached, and his hopes and prayers were for home. After this service and that should be successfully performed, he would go and rest, he thought, in the quiet of his native place, with sweet voices around him, instead of the noise of waves and the roar of cannon. But his country could not spare him; and death came instead of home.

It is needless to multiply examples; we all know and feel the law of our nature which prompts the hope of a happy old age; and we all know, if we could but feel, how often that hope is disappointed, and how short, generally, the closing happiness must be, even if attained; a mere gleam of brightness before the setting of the sun and the coming on of night.

The Christian has no promise of *earthly* brightness to shine upon his latter days. It is the sunshine from the better land which so often invests them with peace, or even with glory. The discipline of Providence, under the guidance of the Spirit, has been gradually curing the faults of his character; the study of the word of God, through the same efficient teaching, has rendered clearer

and clearer his apprehension of divine truth; and meditation upon eternal things has been withdrawing his heart from the influence of time and sense; his hold of Christ, and his hope of heaven have been becoming firmer and more assured; and thus he has been prepared for those visions which were not vouchsafed him before, but which shall gild and turn into glory all the mists and clouds which once enveloped him. The sun breaks out; and at eventide it is light.

Then as *this* light is the light of eternity, it shall not be quenched as that of the temporal sun. It is no passing gleam, no precursor of night. It is the herald of everlasting day. True, the mortal eye shall close upon it, but at that very moment the eye of the soul shall behold it in all its meridian splendor, never more to be obscured by even the thinnest veil. I would have the sun to shine upon my latter days; but let it be the sun of heaven. This is the light which I crave at eventide.

Sometimes the sun of the Christian goes down in gloom; he does not see it till he reaches the other side of the hill. When this is the case it is from no mere capricious act of sovereignty on the part of our heavenly Father; it is the result of his wisdom and love, although we may not be able to discover why it is so. Sometimes the child of God has not been a *growing* child. He has drank too little of the sincere milk of the word; his frame has been feeble, and his eye dim and unfitted to bear the unavailing of heavenly splendor, therefore it has not been vouchsafed him; he is of those who *hardly* enter the kingdom; not of those who have an *abundant* entrance. Or, it may be that disease has enshrouded his mind; delirium, or lethargy, or even insanity, has wrapped him up in darkness; therefore the light is reserved for the disembodied spirit. And what matter for the gloom of a moment if eternity be bright? It is related of Cowper, that although his mental shadows were never dispersed during life, yet, that when the spirit had passed away, there gleamed forth from the forsaken clay a smile of unearthly joy and triumph; as if, at the moment of departure, while sympathy with the body still existed, there had burst upon the soul the splendors of eternity, the delighted surprise of celestial blessedness.

We can not reasonably expect a bright evening if we are not *now* seeking to walk in the light of the Lord. "Then shall we know *if we follow on* to know the Lord." It is to those who do so that "His coming is prepared as the morning." We must make our way out of the mists of the

valley of worldliness, and up to the hill-top of spirituality, if we would see the sun. It is God's to give, or to withhold the light, but assuredly he will *not* give it if we seek it not.

Let me then look that my eye be clear, and my steps ordered aright; that I follow the direction of the Lord, and submit to the discipline of Providence and the guidance of the Spirit; let me be ready washed in the fountain that cleanseth from all sin, and clothed with the robe of my Redeemer's righteousness, and looking and waiting for his coming; so, like that glorious setting sun, setting but to rise more brightly still, shall he break through all the clouds that envelop me, and at evening time, and through eternity, it shall be light.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

ONE sees many disgusting exhibitions in the east, but not one that is more so than the ceremony performed by the Howling Dervishes. To be sure, it is your own fault if you do see it; they themselves—unlike the Turning Dervishes at Pera, and elsewhere, who most willingly admit foreigners to their chapel—hate the presence of the "unclean" like sin; and it is only through the interest of some great individual, and determined perseverance in making your applications, that you are admitted within the hallowed precincts of their convent.

Many and unsuccessful were our own attempts for a sight of the mystery, till we at last succeeded in procuring the gracious notice of the arch-priest at Broussa to our excellent recommendations by letter, and personally from two gentlemen of influence, whose acquaintance we had made. To these insignia, we ventured to add our own earnest assurance that we would behave with all due reverence, and preserve a face of becoming length while present.

At the door, three youths who had been stationed there by the imam to wait upon us, and prevent the crowd from impeding our view, stooped to take off our slippers. This done, we were ushered up-stairs to a small room beside the chapel, through whose latticed windows we were to gaze upon the mystery. The walls of the chapel present a ferocious sort of decoration, reminding one of the chambers of the inquisition. Like the mosques, and other holy places, they are ornamented with written sentences from the Koran. But there is with these dervishes a difference which chills you—the suspended battle-axes, chains, skewers, pincers, spikes, which are used to torture themselves when the religious

frenzy becomes too intolerable for the expression of the voice or of motion.

The youths who formed our escort placed us in the best possible position to view the scene; and, then arranging themselves on each side, kept back the throng. Many and bitter were the muffled imprecations upon the *giaours* which arose from those beaten off, as they tried hard to force within our charmed circle. Our small apartment filled fast, till, the heat becoming so oppressive, our dragoman observed, that, if the air were not admitted, he was sure we could not stay. Upon this the youths immediately stopped all further entrance of spectators, and opened a small lattice, through which passed a gentle breeze, imparting a delicious coolness to that part of the room where we were stationed.

A low, monotonous chant rose to the lattice; we looked, and saw a train of dervishes slowly entering the chapel, headed by their high-priest. The dervishes prostrated themselves upon the earth, their foreheads in the dust; the priest, stretching forth his open palms to heaven, repeated a long, low prayer. A tiger-skin was then spread before the *Mihrab*, and upon this the priest stationed himself. A rich green scarf was offered, with which he begirt himself with much ceremony. Then commenced a low, horrifying wail, echoed by the whole fraternity, who sat rocking their bodies to and fro till their foreheads almost touched the floor.

By degrees the frenzy increased; the eyes of the performers began to shine with a terrible unnatural luster; foam gathered upon the lips, as in epilepsy; the countenance writhed in the most frightful distortions; a perspiration, so profuse that it rolled down the cheeks in huge drops, rose upon the pale and sickly brow; the "*Al'lah-hou!*" each moment was cried with a redoubled fury, till, with the violence of the shouts, the voice gave way, and the words became mere frantic roarings, as from a cavern of wild beasts.

Suddenly a sound more distinct and more terrible than the rest rose from the heaving and surging mass. "*Lah il 'lah el il P'Al'lah!*" cried a voice whose tones were like nothing earthly; and the others present caught up and echoed that fearful cry. The next moment there was a demoniac shriek, and the man who had first shouted, rolled over upon the floor in a death-like convulsion. Those next him, with another frightful "*Al'lah-hou,*" turned to his relief. They stretched him up—they chafed his hands—they rubbed and tried to bend his limbs; but he lay inanimate and rigid as a corpse.

With lightning rapidity the infection of this

paroxysm spread; the "*Lah il 'lah el P'Al'lah*" became more terrible still; the devotees tossed their arms in the air with the fury of maniacs. An instant more, and another dervish leaped from the floor, as if shot through the heart, and fell in convulsions.

This brought the frenzy to a climax. The imam encouraged the delirium by voice, by howls, by gesture. A young man detached himself from the group. The high-priest took an instrument that looked much like a pair of tongs, with which he pinched his cheeks with all his might; but the dervish made no sign of pain. A little child, a sweet little girl of about seven years of age, entered the chapel, and calmly laid herself down upon the crimson rug. Assisted by two attendants, who from the first had stationed themselves one on each side of the *Mihrab*, the priest stepped upon her tender little frame, and stood there some moments; she must have suffered much; but, when he dismounted, she rose and walked away with an air of extreme satisfaction.

Now commenced another and equally painful portion of the service. The imam regulated the time of the chant by ever and anon clapping his hands to increase its speed; or commanding by gestures that it must be slower. Wail succeeded to wail, howl to howl, *Al'lah-hou* to *Al'lah-hou*, till at last the strongest men, unable to bear the violence of the exertion, fell to the ground in convulsions, or sobbed with anguish like infants. On the whole, a more revolting scene than the howling dervishes could not be readily conceived; and dreadful is the distortion of that spirit which can deem such torments acceptable in the eyes of God.

A few days afterward it was my fortune to make a more intimate acquaintance with one of these dervishes; it was in this wise: the *Osmanlis* have two diseases which are peculiar to themselves; the one they have named *gellinjik*, the other *yellanjik*. Under the head of *gellinjik*, they describe almost any possible illness of the body. The *yellanjik* is the more simple and more easily cured disease of the two: it signifies only toothache, and its concomitant pains in the face. So difficult is the *gellinjik* to cure, that the happy ability has long been vested in a single family, through whom the power passes with each generation; but the *yellanjik* can be cured by those emirs or dervishes who are descended from *Fatima*, the daughter of *Mohammed*.

The charm consists in this. It is the fair sex who are usually afflicted with face-ache in Turkey; and, at any rate, these quacks have a particular love for those who are called the "weaker

vessels" of humanity. The lady is affected with nervous pains in the cheek. Faith is imperative, and there is one particular emir upon whom her choice falls. He is sent for; his feet are folded beneath him upon the divan, and his green turban readjusted. The veiled beauty is led by a slave into his august presence, and seated upon a low cushion before him. The emir utters a short prayer, lays his thumb upon the nose, breathes softly upon the forehead, gently rubs the cheek, and the treatment is complete.

A young slave belonging to the house where for a while we were invited to sojourn, was afflicted with yellanjik. Immediately, on her desire being made known, a messenger was dispatched for an emir whom she named, and who was rather eminent in the cures he effected. The family, except one aged relative upon whom this slave attended, were staying at their country residence. Fitnet Hanaum was led into the presence of the emir. He might once have been a handsome man, but now his countenance had taken that sickly and distorted expression which often follows their dreadful ceremonies; and with his thick, bristling mustache, and his long, matted beard, it gave him by no means a prepossessing appearance.

I was that morning amusing myself with an electrical apparatus; and, after he had operated upon Fitnet, he passed me as I stood in the piazza making experiments, which piazza was his nearest way to the garden from her room. He surveyed the jars for a few moments with intense curiosity, and then departing to a short distance, slowly drew forth a small brass ladle, and murmured,

"Buckshish! buckshish!"

"Buckshish! buckshish for what?" I asked.

He made a gesture, intimating that to give alms to his order was the usual thing.

"No; I can not think of giving you buckshish. You are strong; you can work at your trade."

"I do work—hard work."

"For whom?"

"Al'lah."

"But your work is profitless to both him and yourself. I shall not encourage it. It is spoken!" pursued I, with the usual Osmanli expression of decision.

I was in the midst of an interesting experiment, and I turned to my apparatus. The dervish quietly seated himself upon the ground, doubled up his feet beneath him, still presented his brass dish, and there he sat motionless as an image carved in marble. Thus things went on

for the next half-hour. But I was determined not to be wearied into giving him buckshish, and his imperturbable staring had become unpleasant.

"Just bid him go about his business," said I to the dragoman.

He did so; but the dervish intimated that he should not retire without the money.

"If you do not go voluntarily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you," said I.

The dervish merely gave a complacent chuckle, which seemed to say that he defied me to get rid of him.

"Very good," replied I. "Now, mind, if I do what you will not like, it is not my fault."

I had a large coil-machine on the table before me, which, as those acquainted with such apparatus know, tortures the nerves beyond the power of the strongest man to endure voluntarily more than a few seconds. I laid hold of his dish with the conductor, and, by way of a sample, gave him a moderate dose from a small battery. He laughed derisively, saying, "Al'lah el il l'Al'lah!"

"Then he goes!" pursued I, putting the magnet into the coil, while the attendants crowded round to see the effect. It was instantaneous. He rolled over upon the ground with a yell-like "Al'lah-hou!" The arms quivered in their sockets; the dish, which now he would fain have let go if he could, flashed about in his convulsed hands like a rocket; the countenance was distorted with pain and rage. In a few moments, feeling satisfied that he had had enough, I released him from the coil. He rose, and, nearly upsetting the dragoman in his flight, leaped down the steps into the garden. There, being at what he considered a safe distance, he turned, and a more liberal allowance of curses never fell to the lot of any man than those which he bestowed on me. He prayed, his face livid with passion, to Al'lah, that I and my stock might be withered up, root and branch; that I might be, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, smitten and covered with boils and ulcers! Now he turned his attentions to the women in my family. These he cursed from my great-grandmother to my great-granddaughter; and, finally, he wound up with a fervent prayer that my wife might prove any thing but faithful or fruitful; or that, if the latter petition failed, my issue might be to me the bitterest curse that ever fell to the lot of a father. Since then I have often had a hearty smile at the discomfiture of the yellanjik doctor.—*Chambers's Journal.*

OUR LEADING JOURNALS, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR BEGINNING.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

IN Great Britain the press is acknowledged to be the fourth estate of the realm. Holding in view the political and business relations and peculiarities of the United States, if we take the common school as the first, I believe it fair to consider the press as the second estate of our republic.

In almost every county it has its engines of influence; but in our large cities, chiefly, are the springs of action which give through it directness and force to any popular sentiment, on which concentrate resistance to any encroachment upon popular rights. New York is commercially the metropolis of America, and, without injustice to any other city, it may be said that its press is the metropolitan press.

In 1850 there were 2,800 newspapers and periodicals in the United States, of which number New York state had 248, and New York city 104, with an aggregate annual circulation of 78,747,600 copies. Boston had then 113 papers and periodicals, but their circulation was 54,482,644; and this was the largest number circulated from any city of the Union, excepting New York.

Indeed, a larger claim can be made for New York. London is the newspaper metropolis of Europe. The aggregate circulation of all its daily papers, in 1850, was 63,035, while from New York 153,621 copies were circulated, showing a difference of 80,586, which declares the metropolis of America to be the emporium of the world in regard to the daily newspaper business.

When holding one of the New York daily papers, the American can realize the force of a description by Rev. Dr. Adams, that "the newspaper is a daguerreotype of the whole world—its war-rings and diplomacies—its buyings and sellings—its parturitions and its dyings—A real microcosm—the world made smaller, held in the hand, and brought under the eye; that the most remote and improbable agencies, from the four winds under the heavens, have been hurrying through the air and over the sea to deliver their separate tidings in that small sheet of paper—camels, those 'ships of the desert,' traversing the arid wastes of Egypt and Arabia; steamers entering or leaving the harbors of Bombay, Odessa, Constantinople, Suez, Naples, Genoa, Hamburg, Cadiz, Southampton, or Liverpool—

ponderous engines of speed and power, 'instinct with life and motion,'

'Tramp, tramp along the land they ride,
Splash, splash across the sea'—

Laplanders with their deer—Esquimaux with their dogs—electric wires at Paris, Berlin, and London—every instrument that can convey thought—every agent that can communicate intelligence, in every land, on every sea, in every city, in every wilderness, on every road and every river—all in motion at the top of their speed, to open their budget and entertain a humble looker-on at home with the shifting panorama of the whole earth."

The art of printing for the Anglo-American colonies was inaugurated at Cambridge, Mass., in 1629. It was practiced at Philadelphia in 1686, and in that same year good King James instructed the governor of the province of New York that he must not allow a printing-press within his jurisdiction; but in 1692 a press was established at New Amsterdam, and which is now New York.

In October, 1725, a newspaper called "The New York Gazette," made its appearance. It was printed on a sheet of foolscap size—then commonly called pot paper—very dark and coarse. The type was large and much worn; there were no column rules; no dashes divided the advertisements from the news; and what was the news? "Foreign and domestic," to be sure; but all of it could be printed in one column of a modern daily paper, and all of the advertisements for a year might be crowded into half a column of any of the present county papers of the state of New York.

Publishing was not remunerative, and very troublesome. Publishers were liable to prosecution for free comment upon the governor or his council, or upon the legislature. Several printers were imprisoned for what were declared to be "false and seditious libels;" and one was arraigned for a typographical error in a legislative address to the governor. From 1765 to 1770, a stamp-act imposed a tax upon every copy printed, and most of the papers appeared in mourning; but notwithstanding all these difficulties and embarrassments, bold men enough were found to start 11 papers before the Revolution. In 1775 the province of New York had 4 weekly journals—one of which was at Albany—and then there were only 37 papers in all of the colonies. At one period during the Revolution, the city of New York had a paper every day, by an arrangement between publishers, by which, for the

weekly and semi-weeklies different days of issue were appointed. But New York had no paper published daily till after 1790. In 1810 the United States had 359 papers, and New York had 66, of which 7 daily, 6 semi-weekly, and 1 weekly were published in the city. Six years later the city had 7 daily papers, with an aggregate circulation of about 8,000 copies; in 1820 it had 8, with an aggregate circulation of 10,800 copies; in 1832 it had 13 daily papers, with an aggregate circulation of 18,200 copies; in 1834 it had 14, with an aggregate circulation of 31,000; in 1850 it had the same number of daily papers that it had in 1832—13—but their circulation reached, in the aggregate, about 130,000 copies. Only two of those published in 1820 were alive in 1850—the *Evening Post* and the *Commercial Advertiser*—and only 2 besides of those published in 1832—the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Courier and Enquirer*.

The history of printing, every-where, from the ancient cities of Europe to the young towns of American forests, exposes severe struggle and frequent failure, as the fate of earnest men who have sought to teach communities the value of newspapers. Two hundred papers were issued in London before one acquired sufficient encouragement to insure its regular weekly appearance. In all American cities and towns between Boston and New Orleans, pioneer publishers have been martyrs to a slow recognition of newspaper value among the people for whose mental illumination they labored and pleaded. Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Newport, Rhode Island; New York city; Pittsfield, Mass.; Raleigh, North Carolina; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Charleston, South Carolina, have each a journal more than half a century old; but not more than two other states of the Union can boast of cities possessing papers whose register began in the eighteenth century.

The chief characteristics of the American press originated in New York. Those which now distinguish it for enterprise and influence, and most contribute to the wide circulation of its journals, are of later origin than is generally supposed. In 1835 the daily paper was without a special local, commercial, or literary department. It was then the policy of publishers to anticipate profits mainly from subscriptions; but reports of public meetings were not given in detail; lectures were rarely ever noticed, never reported, and a "foreign arrival" monopolized the entire available space of the largest papers. Between 1832 and 1835 the idea that papers to be popular must be cheap, was given prominence, and by men of faith and energy four attempts were made to

establish penny papers, which were sold in the streets by newsboys. But one of these penny papers—the *Sun*—was conducted with sufficient spirit and economy to render it self-sustaining. In it was demonstrated the practicability of a new policy—that daily papers should be made excellent and cheap in order that they might gain a wide circulation as a basis for advertising. Then a revolution in the management of newspapers was inaugurated, which has rendered the daily paper a chronicle of passing events, an organ of opinion, an agent of business, indispensable to every man who would be intelligent among his fellows—who has political, literary, scientific, or mechanical objects to attain—who has goods or lands to sell—who would buy or lease, or borrow or lend. The growth of the New York daily press, for fifty years, compared with the increase of population, is clearly presented in the following table:

GROWTH OF THE METROPOLITAN PRESS FROM 1800 TO 1850.

Year.	No. Dailies.	Circulation.	Population.
1800.....	1.....
1810.....	1.....
1816.....	7.....	8,000.....
1820.....	8.....	10,800.....	123,000
1832.....	13.....	18,200.....	220,000
1834.....	14.....	31,000.....
1850.....	14.....	130,000.....	515,547
Total No. of papers in New York city—1832—64.			
Total No. of papers in New York city—1850—104.			

The average circulation of the daily papers in 1832 was 1,400; in 1850 it was 11,817. This increase of circulation was gained mainly among the cheap papers, of which the chief were—in 1850—the *Sun*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*. The *Sun* has averaged the largest circulation, but it is confined principally to New York and its suburbs, while the *Herald* and *Tribune* have subscribers in all parts of the Union. The *Post*, *Courier and Enquirer*, *Journal of Commerce*, and one or two other old-fashioned sixpenny journals, have weighty influence, and embrace in their history much that would interest the general reader; but having devoted this article to facts, which exhibit the success of the policy that has rendered New York a center of intelligence and influence for the whole Union, I must sketch the origin and growth of four papers—the *Sun*, started in 1833; the *Herald*, in 1835; the *Tribune*, in 1841; and the *Times*, in 1851. Each of these journals, when young, was sold at a penny a copy; but now they are all double-sheet two-cent papers, excepting the *Sun*, which, though it has been enlarged from its original size, does not contain more than half as much matter as the *Herald* or *Tribune*. The growth of the *Sun* was slow; it has been, and is rather a cheap paper of local interest, than a journal of general enterprise aiming for wide

influence. Those features of journalism which distinguish the American press, were earliest employed with remunerative public approval in the Herald and in the Tribune. The Herald was never without enterprise if it was without scruples; and whatever we may think of the honor of its proprietor, we are compelled to acknowledge that he possesses tact as a journalist. When the Tribune was started the Herald had a commercial and financial column, and one prominent local department; it reported public meetings, and was liberal in its expenditures for early news; but it was not the advocate of any regular line of public policy, and professed to be independent of parties or cliques. If independent, it was not consistent; and whatever success it has attained beyond its news value, has been rather on account of the recklessness or uncertainty of its opinions than for any inherent strength or force of presentation. The Tribune, though only consistent with itself, gave at once evidence of ability and courage; and declaring, through its local and general news departments, industry, tact, and vigilant enterprise, it became immediately a formidable rival of the Herald, and has acquired, in the aggregate, for its daily, semi-weekly, and weekly issues the largest circulation of any paper in the world. The following table will show the comparative circulations of the Herald, Tribune, and Times:

	1838.	1845.	1855.
Daily Herald.....	6,000	20,000	50,000
Daily Tribune.....			30,000
Daily Times.....			28,000
Total.....			108,000

These figures are estimated from statements made at different times during 1855, in the columns of the respective journals, and are large enough, at least for the Herald, but show probably a fair average of difference.

In 1854 the Herald claimed an aggregate circulation for its different issues of 121,909 copies; the Tribune of 151,520. The Herald is the only paper in the northern states which is published every day in the week. The circulation of the Sunday edition is included in the foregoing estimates. The Herald circulates most widely in New York city and vicinity, and in the southern cities; the Tribune, out of New York city and state, may be oftenest met in Ohio, and western states. The southern traveler who seeks news from New York, can consult the Herald without long search; but if he wishes to read a Tribune, unless he can find it at a newspaper office, he will probably wish in vain. Neither the Herald nor Tribune has been excessively modest in its claims upon public favor by virtue of enterprise

and success. The Herald has repeatedly asserted that it introduced the financial department, that it proved the profit of individual enterprise in domestic and foreign correspondence, and in the extended reporting of the proceedings of public meetings. The first speech sent to any newspaper, *verbatim*, by telegraph, was one in the senate from Mr. Calhoun, which appeared in the Herald, at a cost of \$250. To offset these claims, the Tribune demands acknowledgment as the first journal which tried the experiment of printing a large paper at a relatively small price, acting upon the presumption, that if readers would pay for the white paper and ink, the advertisers might be relied upon to defray all other necessary expenses of a daily journal. It was first to attain an aggregate circulation of one hundred thousand copies. The Tribune often endeavors "to redress a grievance, or advocate a reform, or vindicate a principle." Slavery and its extension; social wrongs and their remedies; labor and its organization; intemperance and the liquor traffic; prison discipline and capital punishment; land monopoly; anti-rentism and home-stead exemption; public faith and repudiation, are among the grave questions involving grievances, reforms, and principles, which it has frequently and earnestly discussed. The Herald, denouncing it as an organ of "isms," has been the favorite of those who were the Tribune's most bitter enemies. The Herald seeks to reflect the opinions of a class which is proud of its conservatism; the Tribune aims to lead a class which aspires to progress; and the Times, cautious but liberal, ambitious to be popular as well as progressive, holds a safe middle ground, and is an example of eminent success as a reward of tact and enterprise in journalism. Seven of the New York morning papers form an association for the collection and transmission of news by telegraph, and for that service they paid nearly \$100,000 in 1854. The general news departments of the Herald, Tribune, and Times are necessarily in a great degree similar; but in foreign and domestic correspondence, each has its distinctive features. In these departments, and in its local columns, the Times has been a successful competitor of the older two-cent papers. The value of advertisements has been developed in America more generally than in any other part of the world, and it reaches its highest importance in the New York press. The Herald derives its largest revenue from its daily, and the Tribune from its weekly, on a principle which the Herald claims to have first experimented upon. It has been, and is now usual for printers to

charge a given price for the first insertion of an advertisement, and reduce the price of each subsequent insertion in proportion to the number required and the length of the advertisement. The Herald and Tribune have a uniform rate per line for each insertion from the first to the last, and, consequently, the advertisements in each number are brief and new. In England, the London Times has held almost a monopoly of city advertising advantages; because, till 1854, the government enforced a tax upon every advertisement, without reference to the number of copies in which it appeared; and therefore the Times, with a circulation in 1850 of 38,019, while all the other dailies circulated only 24,116 copies, had an advantage which advertisers were not slow to comprehend. In France the columns of the principal papers are let out to contractors, who sub-let them at whatever advantage canvassing will gain. The number of advertisements which appeared in London, in 1855, was about 900,000, and in all Great Britain it was not over 2,000,000, while in the United States it was at least 10,000,000.

The foregoing remarks upon New York papers and the characteristics of the leading popular journals, are preliminary to a sketch of the Adventures of a Night in the Tribune and Times Offices, which, as this exceeds already the limits designed for it, must be given in a second paper; but I can not close this without some facts respecting the weekly journals of New York. The political and news weeklies have widest circulation. The Tribune claims now 165,000, and charges one dollar per line for advertisements. The Herald, Post, Times, and Express are known in the order they have been mentioned, the Herald having nearly twice as many subscribers as the Tribune. Philadelphia takes precedence of New York in the success of weekly papers of a literary and miscellaneous character; but the religious journals of the latter city have more subscribers than any other papers of the same character in the world. I need, not report statistics of the Sabbath school and missionary journals, but will invite attention to a table showing for 1853 the ages and circulation of 13 of the leading denominational papers:

	Years Established.	Circulation.
Observer—Old School Presbyterian.....	29	18,900
Christian Advocate—Methodist.....	29	29,000
Christian Intelligencer—Ref. Dutch.....	22	6,000
Evangelist—New School Presbyterian.....	22	12,000
Churchman—Episcopalian.....	22	2,000
Recorder—Baptist.....	13	8,000
Freeman's Journal—Catholic.....	9	4,000
True Wesleyan.....	9	4,000
Protestant Churchman.....	8	1,700
Sabbath Recorder—Baptist.....	8	1,700
Inquirer—Unitarian.....	6	2,500

	Years Established.	Circulation.
Independent—Congregational.....	4	10,000
Christian Ambassador—Universalist.....	1½	6,000
Total weekly circulation.....		108,000

Contrast now the circulation of the leading papers in the above list, three years ago, with what it is at the present time, and speculate upon their growth for the future:

Advocate and Journal—Methodist.....	1856.
Independent—Congregational.....	27,000
Observer—Old School Presbyterian.....	24,120
Evangelist—New School Presbyterian.....	15,000
Freeman's Journal—Catholic.....	16,000
Embassador—Universalist.....	8,000
Protestant Churchman—Episcopalian.....	2,120
Inquirer—Unitarian.....	2,800

There are arguments of no mean importance to be deduced from the facts I have given, respecting the growth and characteristics of the New York daily press, and from the differences presented in the tables for 1853 and 1856, between the circulation of religious journals. I must leave them to be elaborated by the reader.

OUR LITTLE LIFE.

"MAN," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal luster, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spoke one who mocked while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed; and what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living? for mean indeed must be the real estate of man, and false the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest pageantry of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mockery of helplessness. Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life; what lies between may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh, for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one and the sadness of the other.

Human life is like a dream in the after-dinner sleep of a demon, in which an image of heaven is interrupted by a vision of hell; a thought of bliss breaks off to give place to a fancy of horror, and the fragments of happiness and discomfort lie mingled together in a confusion which would be ridiculous if it were not awful. The monuments

of man's blessedness and of man's wretchedness lie side by side; we can not look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing. To make a monarch there must be slaves, and that one may triumph many must be weak.

"Who is married?" said the gay and thoughtless Emma, as she took up that important chronicle of passing events, *The Daily Times*. "Married, on Wednesday morning, at the residence of her father, in Wiltshire, the Honorable Lady Charlotte Howard, to Captain Beauchlerk, of the Royal Navy;" and the reader passed on to the perusal of other matters.

Six months afterward the servant put into the same hands the same gazette. "Who is dead?" said the fair querist, as she opened the expansive pages. "Died, on Wednesday morning, at the residence of her husband, in Wiltshire, the Honorable Lady Charlotte Beauchlerk, in the twenty-first year of her age;" and the reader passed on.

Thus did the world notice and forget the two events; yet in the simple record of that marriage and that burial, there resided what might startle the voluptuary in the midst of his delights, and what the hermit might ponder in the loneliness of his cell. I was at the house of feasting and at the house of mourning. I saw the bride in the spring-blossom of her loveliness, and beheld the narrow coffin that housed her till eternity.

The painter who searches earth and heaven for shapes of beauty to invest the loved Madonna of his toil, is not visited in his twilight musings by face more exquisite than was hers. An Arab, had he found her by a fountain in the desert, would have bowed in speechless wonder; he would have enshrined her delicately in a crystal niche, and offered his daily worship to the image, and never *thought* of love—she was so fair.

With the fortunes of one who was rich in all that makes life enviable, she was about to mingle the gentle current of her fate, blessing and to be blessed. Around the scene of her bridal, as it now rises before me, there seemed to float, as it were, an atmosphere of delight—a perfume of happiness shed from the bright object who was the marvel of the time. As she stood before the priest, in her father's ancestral hall, in the elegant timidity of patrician refinement, surrounded by the high-born and the illustrious, fancy could not picture a being more favored, or a destiny more brilliant. Her glance was a memory of joys; her smiles a prophecy of bliss. Long and

cloudless must be the summer-day that waits on a morning so splendid as this!

A few months afterward I had returned from a short tour to the continent, and, without stopping in the metropolis, I went down to fulfill an engagement which I had made to visit the young couple in the country. I left the road a few miles from the house, and walked over the fields, for the day was delightful, and the rural scene showed full of charms. When I reached the park, I met an old servant of the family, whom I had long remembered.

"Well, John," said I, "and how is your young mistress?"

"I am grieved to say, sir," said the old man in a husky voice, and a tear gathered in his eye, "I am grieved to say, sir, that she died last night."

"Died!" cried I in utter amazement, almost staggered with the shock, and overcome with a sickness of heart which I can not describe.

There is a moral to this history of life, which no language has yet been able to bring out, and which, perhaps, no mind will ever be capable of embracing in its fullness. All our remarks, though struck out of the heart by impetuous anguish, sink in expression to the merest commonplace. The sage explores the realms of thought, and the poet dives in the remotest depths of language, for adequate reflections, and they both come back to the simplest dialect of the street, as being all they can say. A grief falls upon us, whose magnitude, we think, might shake the world, and our fullest comment is a shake of the head or a motion of the hand.

I stood in Windsor Castle when the coffin of the third George was borne to its vault. The longest and the brightest reign recorded in any annals was concluded; all that could elevate and bless humanity, in the tributes of power, the offerings of wealth, the esteem of the wise, and the affection of the good, had waited on his life; and to dignify the closing scene, prince and peer, the lords of genius and the ministers of virtue were assembled in the imposing pomp of power and the majestic splendor of distinction. Yet, with all, how ordinary was that life, and how ordinary was that character! Focus of all the brightest rays that permeate the universe, he trod the common earth a common man. To my thought, this history of a great good man, this record of power used and not abused, of merit always rewarded, excellence always protected, talent always fostered, and religion always respected, spoke a profounder commentary upon the utter vanity of life than the glaring features of a Charles or a Boabdil. I had pondered these

things, and was now gazing on the mockery of the funeral pageant, and knew that a knell was then sounding throughout England which would arrest the steps of the thoughtful, and melt the hearts of the feeling; yet what could I say, what could I even feel, commensurate with the demand of the scene?

I stood by chance at a window in London, and saw the remains of Lord Byron pass by on their way to the parish church-yard. He who had spurned all accepted usage, and sedulously scorned established habit, was borne along like the humblest citizen to rest in an obscure grave, like the lowest peasant of the fields. He whose temper had defied a nation, and whose genius had held high war with truth and virtue, and come from the contest not ingloriously, was jolting along the street like the carcass of a dog, and what could man do?

Immortal man! thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standest a Napoleon; thou reclinest a Shakspeare! it quickens its movement, and thou liest a parched and fretful thing, with thy mind furied by the phantoms of fever! it retards its action but a little, and thou crawl'st a crouching, soulless mass, the bright world a blank, dead vision to thine eye.

The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chambers—a lazar and a charnel-room only for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth on which man can plant his foot and affirm with confidence, "No mortal sleeps beneath!"

Seeing then that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay Grecian, "Drink to-day, for to-morrow we are not?" Shall we calmly float down the current, smiling if we can, silent when we must, lulling cares to sleep by the music of gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams? No! dream-like as is our life, there is in it one reality—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm but can not disturb us—may destroy but can not hurt us; the bitterness of earthly things, and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils, and begin to be blessings. "*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume labuntur anni!*" says the Roman. But there is no "*Eheu!*" to the Christian.—*H. B. Wallace.*

POISONED BOOKS.

THE devil has long tried to keep the world in ignorance: but finding at length that men will read, he is putting forth every possible effort to poison their books.

REVERIES.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

MOANING, moaning! so the wind rushed around the corner of the old homestead, all the long, starless December night, shouting like a strong man armed; so it shook the windows, and swept the heavy hemlock branches to and fro across the casement; winding along from the far-off forests; swelling out loud and clear, like a bugle call, till the heart thrilled and trembled with a nameless longing, and a viewless fear; sighing brokenly, it wailed *miserere*, and died away in a long, shivering sob.

It was pleasant enough, dreaming there in the broad fire-light, to watch the shadows dance and waver on the floor, and the pictures grow in silver on the window-panes. Pleasant, but sad, listening to the hoarse ticking of the clock that towered to the ceiling, and watching the pendulum swing to and fro in the shadowy corner, out of light into darkness. Yet that restless voice of the night wind would creep in with its wild, complaining cry, that would not, would not cease. I knew it was plowing the snow in deep furrows, piling it in long, low mounds, such as in quiet graveyards we build above our great heart sorrows, and making such mourning over them as we, too, utter when the messenger leads our beloved "into the silent land."

Louder, and yet louder! ten thousand voices blended into one, as if the agony of a world of suffering souls were poured forth in one long, despairing sigh. The heart grows tender listening to such a tone, and the coldest and sternest must sometimes swell with an unuttered prayer, "*God pity the poor! God comfort the wretched!*" So prayed I in my happiness, thinking of broken wrecks drifting slowly in to shore, and pale, dead faces sinking down fathoms deep under stormy, troubled waters; thinking of hearts that would grow faint with listening for voices choked in the salt sea foam; of the cry from desolate households, "Thou hast taken away my idols!"

Alas, how much of this life's history seems to be written in tears! Who shall interpret its pages for us? One folds to his heart a bud of hope, and through shadowless mornings and golden days watches it growing into a perfect flower of joy; while another, kneeling alone in the desert, sees the shifting sands blighting and burying every green leaf around, and lifts our life-long, yearning prayer, *never, never answered*. Such lives there are, yet are they not wholly unblest. There is a gift of strength in the promise, "Joy cometh in the morning"—strength to

endure, patience to await the dawn of that morning that shall set right all the wrong—far off, perchance, and slowly nearing; yet radiant with a light that gilds all the clouds that lie between the soul and its rising. Perfect, though suffering, must he become who would know how strong the arm that "leadeth the blind by a way they know not." Ofttimes to weary watchers has the night seemed to roll back upon the coming day, yet was the gloaming beautiful with stars, and the shadows sweet and holy.

The day had little of sunshine, the life had little of overflowing joy; yet both were blessed. Very calmly they dawned out of the great hereafter—very peacefully they glided into the night of the past. Such lives there must be—they are needed. Strength is not born in sunshine. It is the long struggle with blinding darkness—the breasting of trial—waves that beat heavily surge after surge, thrusting back the soul from its purpose; it is *this* that knits and strengthens the sinews that move the world. There is something of grandeur, almost divine, in an earnest, large-thoughted soul standing upon the rock of its own firm integrity, looking ruin calmly in the face, battling temptations with an unshrinking bravery that shivers every weapon which envy or malice may point against it. Its course, as it moves onward to its destiny, is like some mighty stream whose never-failing springs lie deep among the mountains. Under shadow or sunshine, through day or night—not scattered into foam by impediments—it will wear for itself a channel in the flinty rock, and make the hills to bow before it; flowing smoothly and heavily onward, sweeping with the same irresistible impulse over the sunken rocks of ruin and the golden sands of joy.

Passing along its life-way, placing temptations under its feet, and mounting by them nearer heaven; blessing God for the shadows that sheltered it from the noontide heat; watching when the clouds grow darker for some star to silver the blackness; and, at last, when the sun of this little life goes down behind the mountains of eternity, leaving deep footprints even down to the brink of the river that rolls between: was not the life "pleasant enough without sunshine?"

There are feet that would tread upon the mountains, brows that would be crowned with stars; and there are others that only seek the quiet valleys, and gather the way-side flowers; yet for each the same All-Father reigneth above, and the anthem that continually ascends to his throne, needs for its full harmony as much the low tones of supplication as the glad voice of

thanksgiving, and the perfect melody blends without one discord with the song and the harping of angels in the courts of the temple above.

THE WARS OF ANTS.

THE following history of the mode in which communities of ants obtain laborers is altogether so extraordinary, that, did the evidence rest upon the testimony alone of one observer, we might be disposed to believe that it had originated in some imperfect observation, where the fancy had influenced the judgment of the observer. But when the testimony of the younger Huber is confirmed by such men as Professor Jurine and M. Latreille, we have no room left for skepticism. We may premise that the ant named by Huber the Legionary, or Amazon—*F. rufescens*—is a large iron-brown colored species, not hitherto found in Britain.

"On the 17th of June, 1804," says Huber, "while walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed, close at my feet, traversing the road, a column of legionary ants. They moved with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length, by three or four in breadth. Quitting the road in a few minutes, they passed a thick hedge, and entered a meadow, where I followed them, and observed them winding along the grass without straggling, their column remaining unbroken in spite of the obstructions in their way. They soon approached a nest inhabited by a colony of the negro-ant—*F. fusca*—the dome of which rose above the grass, at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of the negroes were guarding the entrance; but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advancing legion. The alarm instantly spread into the interior, whence their companions rushed forth in multitudes to defend their homes. The legionaries, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march, and when they arrived at the hill, the whole battalion fell furiously upon the negroes, who, after an obstinate, though brief conflict, fled to their subterranean galleries. The legionaries now ascended the dome, collected in crowds on the summit, and taking possession of the principal avenues, left some of their companions to excavate other openings in the exterior walls. They soon effected this, and through the breach the remainder of the army made their entrance; but in about three or four minutes afterward issued forth again, each carrying off a pupa, or a grub, with

which booty they retraced their route, in a straggling, irregular march, very different from the close, orderly array they had before exhibited."

Our author followed them for some time, but lost sight of them in a field of ripened corn; and on returning to examine the state of the assaulted city, he found a small number of the defeated negro workers perched on the stalks of plants, holding in their mouth the few grubs they had succeeded in rescuing from the pillage. Next morning Huber returned at the same hour, with the hope of ascertaining the nature of these proceedings, when he discovered a numerous encampment of the legionaries. "These formed," he tells us, "into column, set forth in a body, and fell upon one of the negro hills, which they triumphantly entered after a very feeble opposition. One division immediately returned with the grubs which they had captured, while another party less fortunate, came away empty-handed; but resolved, it would appear, not to go home without booty, they marched in a body upon another negro establishment, where they were abundantly successful. The whole army now forming two divisions, hastened to their own encampment, which I took care to reach a little before them; but what was my surprise to observe all around a great number of that identical species, the negroes, which they had gone forth to attack. I raised up a portion of the building, and upon still perceiving more, I conjectured that it was one of the encampments which had already been pillaged by the legionaries, but I was set right by the arrival at the entrance of the very army I had been watching, laden with the trophies of victory. Its return excited no alarm among the negro ants, who, so far from offering opposition to the entrance of the triumphant army, I even observed to approach the warriors, to caress them, and present them with food, as is the custom among their own species, while the legionaries in turn consigned to them their prisoners to be carried into the interior of the nest."

They do not always complete the pillage at the first, or even the second attack; for this negro colony was successively invaded in the same manner three several times. The third time, however, the invaders had to undertake a siege in regular form, for the negroes, as if conscious of their own weakness, lost no time in throwing up trenches, barricading the several entrances, and reinforcing the guard of the interior, in order to provide for future safety. With the same view they had brought together all the little pieces of wood and earth within reach, with which they had blocked up the passage to their

encampment. Upon discovering these defensive preparations, the legionaries at first hesitated to approach, but rambled about or returned to the rear till sufficiently reinforced; but at length, upon a signal given, they rushed forward in a body with great impetuosity, and began to demolish the barricades with their mandibles and their feet. When they had thus made a sufficient breach, they entered into the interior by hundreds, in spite of the resistance of the poor negroes, and carried off their remaining property. "I was witness," says Huber, "every day during summer to these invasions."

The negro ants are most commonly the victims of these hostile excursions, probably in consequence of their pacific and docile disposition; but in more than one instance Huber observed successful attacks made upon the more warlike and powerful communities of the mining ant—*Formica cunicularia*—a British species, though not abundant, and nearly resembling the wood-ant—*F. rufa*—in color, though about a fourth less in size. It is interesting to remark, that though the result of a victory is precisely similar to the case already detailed, the legionaries are obliged to employ a different mode of warfare, as we shall see from Huber's narrative.

"Between four and five in the evening," he says, "a time when the army usually commences its march, the legionaries were already assembled on the nest, and ready to set forth. They proceeded like a torrent along a deep hollow, and marched in a more compact body than ordinary, till they arrived at a nest of miners, which they intended to attack. As soon as the invading army began to enter the subterranean city, the miners rushed out in crowds, and while some fell upon the invaders with great spirit, others passed through the scene of contest, solely occupied in carrying off the larvæ and pupæ to a place of safety. The surface of the nest was for some time the theater of war. The legionaries were often despoiled of the pupæ they had captured by the miners, who darted upon them with fury, fighting body to body, and disputing the ground with an exasperation I had never before witnessed. The legionary army, however, gained the victory, and recommenced its march in good order, laden with booty; but instead of proceeding in file, it now maintained close rank, forming a compact mass, a precaution more necessary, as the courageous miners hastened in pursuit, and continued to harass their march to within ten paces of their citadel."

"During these combats," continues Huber, "the pillaged ant-hill presented in miniature the

spectacle of a besieged city; hundreds of the inhabitants being seen to quit it, carrying off their young to preserve them from the enemy. The greater number mounted the neighboring plants, bearing the young in their mandibles, and others hid them under thick bushes. When the danger appeared to be over, they brought them back to the city, and barricaded the gates, near which they posted themselves in great force to guard the entrance. Immediately after the legionaries again departed, and proceeded toward another colony of miners of considerable extent, and threw themselves in a body upon one of the galleries indifferently guarded; but their number not permitting them to enter all at once, the mining ants that were without precipitated themselves upon the invaders; and while they were engaged in desperate combat, their fellow-citizens losing, perhaps, every hope of defending their abode and the little ones confided to their care, carried these off, took flight in every direction, and literally covered the ground to a considerable distance. The contest became every moment warmer between the assailants and the assailed. Legionaries and miners attacked each other impetuously, and often, in the excess of their fury, deceived as to their object, fell upon their companions, whom, however, they soon released. This commotion was confined to the rear guard of the legionary army; for the main body, laden with booty, having departed on their return from the pillaged city, retraced their steps to their own citadel, constantly assailed by the miners, who continued to harass their march. It was only by their address, indeed, the rapidity of their movements, and the use of their sting, that the legionaries were enabled to disengage themselves. The pillage and skirmishes are not of long continuance, for in less than a quarter of an hour we usually found the legionaries on the road to their garrison."

Huber's legionary ant—*F. rufescens*—is not the only species which engages in those expeditions; for the sanguine ant—*F. sanguinea*—mentioned by Mr. Stephens as having been discovered near London, is also a capturer of slaves, though the tactics employed for this purpose are considerably different. The sanguine ant is so named from the head, thorax, and feet being blood-red, while the abdomen is ash-colored and slightly bronzed. They much resemble the wood ant—*F. rufa*—and their nest, which is usually placed on the slope of a hedge or bank facing the south, is, like that of the wood ant, covered with fragments of leaves, stalks of plants, moss, and little stones, which form a species of mortar difficult

to break. They do not, like the legionaries, send out numerous armies, nor attempt to carry their point by impetuosity; but make their attacks in small successive divisions. As it would diminish the interest to curtail Huber's narrative, we shall give it in his own words:

"On the 15th of July," he says, "at ten in the morning, a small division of the sanguine ants was dispatched from the garrison, and arrived in quick march near a colony of the negro ant—*F. fusca*—situated above twenty paces distant, around which they took their station. The inhabitants, on perceiving these strangers, rushed forth in a body to attack them, and led back several prisoners. The sanguine ants made no further advance, but appeared to be waiting for some reinforcement. From time to time, accordingly, small companies arrived to strengthen the brigade; and when they considered themselves in sufficient strength they advanced a little nearer, as if more willing to run the hazard of a general engagement; yet it was remarkable, that in proportion as they approached the negro encampment, the more solicitous did they seem to dispatch couriers to their own garrison, who, arriving in great haste, produced considerable alarm, when another division was immediately appointed to join the army. But, though thus reinforced, they evinced little eagerness for the combat, and only alarmed the negroes by their presence. The negroes took up a position in front of their encampment of about two feet square, where nearly their whole force was assembled to wait the enemy.

"Frequent skirmishes took place all around the lines, the besieged always attacking the besiegers; and, judging from their numbers, the negro ants gave token of a vigorous resistance, but distrusting their own strength, they look to the safety of the young committed to their care, and in this respect exhibit one of the most singular traits of insect prudence. Even long before success is at all dubious, they bring up the pupæ from the chambers under ground, and heap them up on the other side of the nest from that where the invading army is making its chief assault, in order that they may be more conveniently carried off, should they lose the battle. Their young females also take shelter on the same side. When the danger becomes more imminent by the sanguine army, after receiving repeated reinforcements, rushing upon the phalanx of the negroes, and pressing them back to the very gates of the city, the latter, after a spirited stand, give way, and seizing upon the pupæ, deposited with that view on the outside, convey

them to a place of safety. The invaders pursue and endeavor to rob them of their treasure.

"The whole body of the negroes are now in flight; yet a few, more courageous than their fellows, return through the ranks of the enemy, at the hazard of their lives, and once more enter their encampment to bring off the larvæ that would otherwise be devoted to pillage. The sanguine ants are now, indeed, in the very act of descending into the interior, taking possession of the avenues, and appearing to establish themselves in the abandoned city. Little bands of troops continually pour in from the garrison, and begin taking away the remainder of the larvæ and pupæ, establishing an uninterrupted chain from one ant-hill to the other. Thus the day passes, and night comes on, before they have transported all their booty. A considerable number of sanguine ants still remain in the negro residence, and on the following morning, at break of day, recommence the transfer of the rest of its contents."

It would appear, from some notices collected by Kirby and Spence, that some hints at least of these extraordinary proceedings were known to our English naturalists before the interesting observations of Huber. Willughby, for example, in mentioning the great care which ants take of their pupæ, uses these words, "They also carry the aureliae of others into their nests as if they were their own;" Gould also remarks of the wood ant—*F. rufa*—that "this species is very rapacious after the vernicles—larvæ—and the nymphs—pupæ—of other ants; if you place a parcel before or near their colonies, they will, with remarkable greediness, seize and carry them off." White, of Selborne, made the same observation, which must, indeed, occur to every naturalist who is in the least acquainted with ants. It belongs, however, exclusively to Huber to have developed the use which is made of the purloined pupæ by the legionary and the sanguine ants.

One of the most remarkable circumstances discovered by Huber respecting these expeditions is, that the invaders never capture the old negroes or miners, aware, it should seem, of the impracticability of taming them down to the condition of slaves. Their only object is to obtain a number of pupæ, when the embryo ants are in a state of repose, and consequently have formed no attachment to their natal color. The city of the stranger thus becoming the only one with which they are acquainted, they consider it their home, and employ their natural activity in repairing and enlarging it, as well as adding to

its provisional stores—putting forth, in a word, the same exertions which they would have had they never been captured. "Developed," says Huber, "in the enemy's encampment, they afterward become house-stewards, and auxiliaries to the western tribe with whom they are associated. Brought up in a strange nation, not only do they live socially with their captors, but bestow the greatest care upon their larvæ and pupæ, their males and females, and even evince the same regard for themselves, transporting them from one part of the colony to another, going in search of provisions for them, building their habitation—forming, as occasion requires, new galleries, and fulfilling the duties of sentinels, by guarding the exterior of their common abode, apparently not once suspecting that they live with those very insects which kidnapped them in their helpless and unconscious infancy. While the negro ants are engaged in these laborious employments, their masters rest tranquilly at the bottom of their subterranean city till the hour fixed for their expeditions arrives; reserving their strength, courage, and skill in tactics, for the purpose of bringing in from some adjacent colony hundreds of pupæ which they confide to the charge of their slaves."

The warrior ants seem to have as much dislike to any sort of labor but war, as the barbarous Spartans of old; and, when not in active service in the field, they seem to be as helpless as an Otaheitan prince. They are apparently incapable even of feeding themselves, an office which is always performed by the slaves, on whom therefore they depend, not only for house and home, but even for existence; and so faithful are these devoted negroes, that they seem to begrudge no exertion in providing for their masters. In their turn, however, they also exercise authority; for they will not permit them to leave the colony alone, nor before the proper season; and when they return from a predatory excursion without the expected booty, they meet with a very cold reception, and are often refused admission, or dragged out again if they presume to enter. In these cases, the slaves are evidently the masters, and in no case are the latter ever observed directing their employments or keeping them to their work.

Anxious to learn whether the warrior ants could subsist by their own exertions without the assistance of slaves, Huber tried the experiment of isolating them, to ascertain how they would proceed. "I inclosed," he tells us, "thirty of the legionary ants—*F. rufescens*—with several pupæ and larvæ of their own species, and twenty pupæ

belonging to the negroes, in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of earth. I placed a little honey in the corner of their prison, and cut off all association with their auxiliaries. At first they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ: they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half the legionaries died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few individuals still in existence were languid, and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their negro servants. This individual, alone and unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and, in a word, preserved the life of the remaining legionaries."

Our naturalist, not satisfied with what he could observe on the exterior of these singular communities, opened one of the hills inhabited by legionary and negro ants. The latter lost no time in carrying away the larvæ and pupæ, which had thence been exposed, to a place of safety, and opening galleries which had been obstructed, while the legionaries appeared to look on their exertions with the utmost indifference, and never deigned to lend the least assistance. They seemed, indeed, so confounded at the altered aspect of the city, that they wandered quite at random, till the negroes helped them out of their embarrassment by carrying them to some open passage. "I observed one," continues Huber, "after several ineffectual windings, take the precaution of laying on the earth the legionary, who remained in the same spot till the negro returned to its assistance, who, having well ascertained and examined one of the entrances, resumed its burden and bore it into the interior. If the entrance to any gallery was unluckily obstructed by a mass of earth, and the negro ant wished to introduce, by that way, one of the legionaries, it quickly deposited its load, and began clearing away the impediment, which was no sooner effected than the Amazon was again taken up and carried triumphantly into the nest. These facts fully prove the harmony which reigns between the two species."

By means of his artificial glass formicaries, Huber was enabled to try a number of experiments upon these mixed communities of masters and slaves—if we may continue to use terms which are not very strictly appropriate. He had already ascertained that when their habitation is not sufficiently commodious, the negroes alone,

and not the legionaries, choose a new locality, decide upon removing, commence building, and as soon as chambers are prepared to receive them, carry thither the legionaries in their mandibles. In one of his experiments he was witness to a similar scene. He put the greater portion of the inhabitants of a mixed colony into a woollen bag which had a wooden tube, glazed at the top, fitted into its mouth, and communicating with a glass formicary. On the following morning some of the negroes were seen leaving the bag, and traversing the tube; the second day they commenced carrying each other, till at length there was barely room for the crowd of passengers going and returning. When he found they had thus begun to establish themselves, he separated the bag and scattered those which still remained in it about his study, as well as the remainder of the nest which he brought in from the field. Immediately the negroes, who were already settled, eagerly carried all those that were thus scattered about the floor into the formicary, both their own companions and the legionaries, and turned over every clod of earth to extricate pupæ and larvæ accidentally buried, similar to the famous dogs which extricate travelers engulfed in the snows of the Alps. The legionaries, as usual, took no active part in these labors, but the negro ants appeared very solicitous to conduct them into the interior of the nest, and sometimes, when one did not know what to do, it would implore the assistance of a negro, which was always most willingly accorded. In eight days the formicary was completely peopled, when it was placed out of doors; and next day the legionaries actually made an expedition, and returned with a rich booty of negro pupæ from a neighboring colony. By raising the shutters with caution, he could now see every thing that was going forward in the interior, and he ascertained in this way most of the facts which we have already detailed. Among other things of singular interest, he likewise found that there are never any negro males or females in these communities, but male, female, or neuter legionaries; and the female legionary, like other species of ants, is always the foundress of a colony, performing in the first instance all the duties of a laborer, as Latreille observed, at Brive, before the discoveries of Huber.

Huber concluded his experiments by bringing two legionary armies into immediate combat, by placing his formicary full in front of an advancing column from another encampment. "After a trifling combat," he says, "which took place at the door of the formicary, those in the interior

went out in force, when the enemy's column appeared desirous to avoid battle, taking at first another direction, then returning and re-entering their nest. Several ants from the fornicary put themselves in pursuit; some went even as far as the enemy's garrison, where they were retained; two or three only escaped, and these, as I observed, returned in great haste. The entire army now left the fornicary, and proceeded to the mixed ant-hill, where I looked forward to a general battle; but when the column had arrived to within a few paces of the entrance, it fell back with the exception of a small body, composed of about three hundred legionary ants, who continued their route till they reached the ant-hill. The legionaries assembled on the surface, appeared extremely agitated, as if they had foreseen the attack with which they were threatened. The combatants fought body to body; but the strangers threw themselves into a gallery with so much impetuosity that the other could not restrain them. This courageous incursion did not succeed; they all perished, not, however, without making great havoc; for, when I saw the legionaries of the natural ant-hill resume their expeditions, I found their army reduced to one-half its original number: the fornicary had not suffered so great a diminution."

TRAINING.

"GIVE me some of *that*," said a peevish-looking boy about seven or eight years of age to his mother, who was seated on the deck of a steamer in which I happened to be lately. The mother had some eatables in her hand. "Hold your tongue, Peter," replied his mother, "you won't get it." "I want *that*," again demanded Peter, with increased earnestness. "I tell you," said the mother, looking at him, "you shall not get it. Is not that enough for you? Go and play, and be a good boy." "But I want *that*," reiterated Peter, beginning to sulk and look displeased. "What a laddie!" exclaimed the mother. "Have I not told you twenty times never to ask a thing when I say you are not to get it?" "I want *that*," cried Peter, more violently than ever, bursting into tears. "Here!" said the mother, "take it, and be quiet. I am sure I never in all my life saw such a bad boy." The same boy, Peter, grows up to be a selfish and self-willed young man. His mother sees it, and wonders how such a temper should show itself in Peter! and consoles herself with the thought, that from no fault in her could it have come, nor "from want of telling."—*Rev. N. M. Leod.*

CONCERNING BOOKS.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

"God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs to the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and the greatest of our race."—*Channing.*

"Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old."

Sir Thomas Overbury.

IN these days of universal book-making, when volumes large and small, good, bad, and indifferent, flood the country, and our principal publishers find it necessary to issue *weekly* a list of their new publications; when to be "posted" in only the more important of the issues of the press, requires no inconsiderable labor and industry; and when one no sooner finds himself the fortunate possessor of an idea, than he hastens to secure the aid of type and press to lay it before "the public"—in these days we can scarcely conceive of the mental condition of this "public" before the invention of movable types.

"There probably was a time," says the erudite author of the *Amenities of Literature*, speaking of the condition of letters during the earlier portion of what is called the middle ages, "when there existed no private libraries in Britain, nor any, save the monastic; that of Oxford, at the close of the 13th century, consisted of 'a few tracts, kept in chests.' It appears," he continues, "by one of our recently published records, that King John borrowed a volume from a rich abby, and the King gave a receipt to Simon, his chancellor, for 'the book called Pliny,' which had been in the custody of the Abbot and Convent of Reading. 'The Romance of the History of England,' with other volumes, have also royal receipts.

"The borrowing of a volume was a serious concern in those days, and heavy was the pledge or the bond required for the loan. One of the regulations of the library of the Abbey of Croyland Ingulphus has given. It regards 'the lending of their books, as well the smaller without pictures as the larger with pictures; any loan is forbidden under no less a penalty than that of excommunication, which might possibly be a severer punishment than the gallows."

Long after this period English libraries are said to have been smaller than those on the continent; and yet, one century and a half subsequently to the reign of John, the royal library of France, belonging to a monarch who loved literature, Jean le Bon, did not exceed ten volumes. In those days they had no idea of estab-

lishing a library; the few volumes which each monarch collected, at great cost, were always dispersed by gifts or bequests at their deaths; nothing passed to their successor but the missals, the *heures*, and the *offices* of their chapels. These monarchs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, amid the prevailing ignorance of the age, had not advanced in their comprehension of the uses of a permanent library beyond their great predecessor of the ninth, for Charlemagne had ordered his book to be sold after his death, and the money given to the poor.

Charles le Sage, in 1373, had a library amounting to nine hundred volumes. This was intrusted to the care of Gilles Malet, his *valet de chambre*, who appears to have been the possessor of unusual acquirements for those days, as he with his own hands, and doubtless with infinite pains, drew up a catalogue of this royal library. In that early stage of book-collecting, volumes had not always titles to denote their subjects, or they contained several in one volume; hence they are described by their outsides, their size, and their shape, their coverings and their clasps. This library of Charles V shines in extreme splendor, with its many-colored silks and velvets, azure and vermeil, green and yellow, and its cloths of silver and of gold, each volume being distinctly described by the color and the material of its covering. This curious document of the fourteenth century still exists.

"The private libraries of the fifteenth century were restricted to some French tomes of chivalry, or to 'a merrie tale in Boccaccio;' and their science advanced not beyond 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' or 'The Secrets of Albert the Great.' There was an intermixture of legendary lives of saints and apocryphal adventures of 'Notre Seigneur,' in Egypt; with a volume or two of physic, and surgery, and astrology.

"A few catalogues of monastic libraries still remain, and these reflect an image of the studies of the middle ages. We find versions of the Scriptures in English and Latin—a Greek or Hebrew manuscript is not noted down; a commentator, a father, and some schoolmen; and a writer on the canon law, and the medieval Christian poets who composed in Latin verse. A romance, an accidental classic, a chronicle and legends—such are the usual contents of these monastic catalogues. But though the subjects seem various, the number of volumes was exceedingly few. Some monasteries had not more than twenty books. In such little esteem were any writings in the vernacular idiom held, that the library of Glastonbury Abbey, probably the

most extensive in England, in 1248, possessed no more than four books in English on common religious topics; and in the latter days of Henry VIII, when Leland rummaged the monasteries, he did not find a greater number. The library of the monastery of Bretton, which, owing to its isolated site, was among the last dissolved, and which may have enlarged its stores with the spoils of other collections which the times offered, when it was dissolved in 1558, could only boast of having possessed one hundred and fifty distinct works.

"In this primitive state of book-collecting, a singular evidence of their bibliographical passion was sometimes apparent in the monastic libraries. Not deeming a written catalogue, which might not often be opened, sufficiently attractive to remind them of their lettered stores, they inscribed verses on their windows to indicate the books they possessed, and over these inscriptions they placed the portraits of the authors. Thus they could not look through their windows without being reminded of their volume; and the very portraits of authors, illuminated by the light of heaven, might rouse the curiosity which many a barren title would repel."

Neither did the literary tastes of the monks lead them to entertain any veneration for the ancients. The vellum on which the ancient classics were written, was considered by them more precious than the genius of the author, there displayed. They coveted the more voluminous authors to erase the now much lamented passages, and substitute in their stead some dull homily or saintly legend.

Here is a description, by Leland, of one of the primitive private libraries of England, in an old castle belonging to the Percys:

"One thing I liked extremely in one of the towers; that was a study, called Paradise; where was a closet in the middle of eight squares latticed 'abrate;' and at the top of every square was a desk ledged to set books on, on coffers within them, and these seemed as joined hard to the top of the closet; and yet by pulling one or all would come down breast-high, in rabbits, or grooves, and serve for desks to lay books on.

However clumsy this invention in "Paradise" may seem to us, it was not more so than the custom of chaining their books to the shelves, allowing a sufficient length of chain to reach the reading-desk—a mode which long prevailed when printing multiplied the cares of the librarian.

The ingenious and industrious author of a recent publication—"Salad for the Social"—says,

it is doubtful whether barks or stones were first written on, although the decalogue, the first writing of which we have any authentic account, was on the latter. The leaves of plants were long used for writing on—chiefly those of palm, papyrus, tiles, etc. Leather and goat-skins were used by the Egyptians. Plates of copper and lead were also used in the east. According to Josephus, the children of Seth wrote their inventions in astronomy, etc., on stone pillars. Hesiod's works were first written on tablets of lead; Solon's laws on wooden planks. Pliny thinks that writing on lead succeeded that on bark.

The term *volume* is from *volvo*, to roll—as parchment volumes were commonly rolled on a round stick with a ball on each end. The outside was inscribed just as we now letter the backs of books. In ancient times books were written on the barks of trees; hence the Latin word *liber*, from which is derived our English term library. *Book* is from the Saxon *boc*, a beech-tree. And the German *buch* we may therefore suppose to be similarly derived from *buche*, signifying also a beech.

Of the term *stationery*, D'Israeli says, "Anterior to the invention of printing, there flourished a craft, or trade, who were denominated *stationers*; they were scribes and limners, and dealers in manuscript copies, and in parchment and paper, and other literary wares. It is believed by our antiquaries that they derived their denomination from their fixed locality, or *station in a street*, either by a shop or shed, and probably when their former occupation had gone, still retained their dealings in literature, and turned to booksellers. This denomination of *stationers*, indicating their stationary residence, would also distinguish them from the itinerant venders, who, in a more subordinate capacity at a later period, appeared to have hawked about the town and the country pamphlets and other portable books.

"In the reign of Philip and Mary 'the stationers' were granted a charter of incorporation, and were invested with the most inquisitorial powers."

The first bookseller, so called, on record, was Faustus. He is said to have carried his books for sale to the monasteries in France, and elsewhere. The first bookseller who purchased manuscripts for publication, without possessing a press of his own, was John Otto, of Nuremberg, 1516.

The invention of parchment is ascribed to Eumenes, who reigned more than two thousand years ago.

D'Israeli believes the origin or first discovery

of the art of printing to be enveloped in mystery; and after faithful research hesitates to give the credit of the original idea to any one of the rival candidates for the honor—Fust, Schoeffer, Gutenberg, and Costar.

The first notions of printing, he maintains, might have reached Europe from China. The first block-printing seems imitated from the Chinese, who print with blocks of wood, on one side of the paper, as was done in the earliest essays of printing in Europe: and the Chinese seem also to have suggested the use of a thick, black ink. Du Halde and the Jesuit missionaries assert that the art of printing, as above described, was practiced in China half a century before the Christian era.

Here is D'Israeli's summary of the case: "We may reasonably suspect that the practitioners in every art which has reached to almost a perfect state, such as that of printing, have silently borrowed from one another; that there has often existed a secret connection in things, and a reciprocal observation in the intercourse of men alike intent on the same object; that countries have insensibly transferred a portion of their knowledge to their neighbors; that travelers in every era have imparted their novelties, hints however crude, descriptions however imperfect—all such slight notices escape the detection of a historian; nothing can reach him but the excellence of some successful artist. In vain rival concurrents dispute the invention; the patriotic historian of the art clings to his people or his city, to fix the invention, and promulgates fairy tales to authenticate the most uncertain evidence. The history of printing illustrates this view of its origin. The invention has been long ascribed to Gutenberg, yet some have made it doubtful whether this presumed father of the art ever succeeded in printing a book, for we are assured that no colophon has ever revealed his name. We hear of his attempts and of his disappointments, his bickerings and his lawsuits. He seems to have been a speculative bungler in a new-found art, which he mysteriously hinted was to make a man's fortune. The goldsmith, Fust, advanced a capital in search of the novel alchemy—the project ends in a lawsuit, the goldsmith gains his cause, and the projector is discharged. Gutenberg lures another simple soul, and the same golden dream vanishes in the dreaming. These copartners, evidently tired of an art which had not yet found an artist, a young man, probably improving on Gutenberg's blunders, one happy day displayed to the eyes of his master, Fust, a proof pulled from his own press. In rapture the

master confers on this Peter Schaeffer a share of his future fortunes; and to bind the apprentice by the safest ties of consanguinity, led the swart youth, glorious with printer's ink, to the fair hand of his young daughter. Their new partnership produced their famed Psalter of 1457; and this was shortly followed by their magnificent Bible."

While these events were occurring, Costar, of Haarlem, was plodding on with the same "noble mystery," but only printing on one side of a leaf, not having yet discovered that a leaf might be contrived to contain two pages. The partisans of Costar assert that it was proved he substituted movable for fixed letters; which was a giant's footstep in his new path. A faithless servant ran off with the secret. The history of printing abounds with such tales. Every step in the progress of the newly invented art indicates its gradual accessions. The numbering of the pages was not thought of for a considerable time; the leaves were long only distinguished by letters or signatures—a custom still preserved.

The success of the art was doubtless established by its first complete work, now known as the Mazarine Bible. "But," adds the matter-of-fact D'Israeli, "the goldsmith, Fust, [to whom the credit of printing this splendid copy is due,] who was himself no printer, was no otherwise 'high-minded' than by the usurious prices he speculated on for this innocent imposture of vending what was now a printed book for a manuscript copy."

We learn that among the improvements that were brought about as the printing art advanced, was the art of punctuation. Caxton, the first English printer, introduced the system used in Italy, and his successor, Pinson, domiciliated the Roman letter. The dash, or perpendicular line, thus |, was the only punctuation first used. It was, however, shortly discovered that "the craft of poynting, well used, makes the sentence very light." The more elegant comma supplanted the long, uncouth |; the colon was the next advance, "showing that there is more to come." But the semicolon was a Latin delicacy which the obtuse English typographer resisted. So late as 1580 and 1590 treatises on orthography refuse to acknowledge the innovation. The Bible of 1562, although printed with great accuracy, is without a semicolon; and it was only in 1633 that it was fully established in its rights by Charles Butler's English Grammar. From this it is evident that Shakspeare could never have used the semicolon, a circumstance which the profound George Chalmers mourns over, "opining

that semicolons would often have saved the poet from his commentators."

Louis Elzevir, of Leyden, seems to have been the first, who, in his printing, observed the distinction between the vowel *u* and the consonant *v*, as well as that between *i* and *j*.

A NICE PERSON.

SYDNEY SMITH once meeting a young lady called her "a nice young lady;" at which she seemed somewhat offended. He immediately, as follows, defined the meaning of the words:

"A nice person is neither too tall nor too short, looks clean and cheerful, has no prominent feature, makes no difficulties, is never misplaced, sits bodkin, is never foolishly affronted, and is void of affectation.

"A nice person helps you well at dinner, understands you, is always gratefully received by young and old, whig and tory, grave and gay.

"There is something in the very air of a nice person which inspires you with confidence, makes you talk, and talk without fear of malicious misrepresentation; you feel that you are reposing upon a nature which God has made kind, and created for the benefit and happiness of society. It has the effect upon the mind which soft air and a fine climate have upon the body.

"A nice person is clear of little, trumpety passions, acknowledges superiority, delights in talent, shelters humility, pardons adversity, forgives deficiency, respects all men's rights, never stops the bottle, and is never long and never wrong, always knows the day of the month, the name of every body at table, and never gives pain to any human being.

"If any body is wanted for a party, a nice person is the first thought of; when the child is christened, when the daughter is married—all the joys of life are communicated to nice people; the hand of the dying man is always held out to a nice person.

"A nice person does not tread upon the dog's foot, nor molest the family cat, eats soup without noise, laughs in the right place, and has a watchful and attentive eye."

RELIGION AT HOME.

"LET them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion should begin in the family. The family altar is more venerable than that of the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity should begin and be carried on at the fireside.

THE HUNTSMAN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

The warm south wind blows pleasantly,
The sun with cloudless ray
Pours o'er the winter's frozen plains
The cheerful light of day,
As o'er the crisp snow carelessly
A hunter takes his way.

His shrill, but cheery whistle
Wakes up the lagging hounds;
With quick obedience to his side
They speed with airy bounds—
While far across the country wide
Their hoarse, deep bay resounds.

The timid deer, with beating heart,
Among the furze doth listen;
A moment 'mid the solitude
His full dark eye doth glisten—

Then with the fleetness of the wind
He leaves the fearful sounds behind.
The day wears on—the pleasant day
The noon is mild and warm;
And lovelier far the mellow haze
That doth foretell a storm.

How eagerly the huntsman's wife
Doth note the golden mist,
And hushes low the loving strain
Upon her lips, that she again
His welcome horn may list!

He comes not yet; the witching chase
Hath lured him far away;
The loftiest height his step doth tread,
The wild glen's darkest hiding-place
In vain his feet would stay.

The radiant day the while goes down,
And glooms the gathering tempest's frown.

The hunter's wife is watching yet;
What shivering terrors creep
About her heart, as down the dell
The wind's hoarse murmurs sweep!
Hark! is it not the huntsman's horn
Upon the gale's rude pinion borne,
That echoes down the steep?

Again it sounds, and yet again
The notes inspiring come;
And faster beats the loving heart
Which cheers that humble home.
How quickly lights the pensive eye!
What smiles adorn the lips!

How fast the jocund moments fly,
While round the hearth-stone merrily
The busy housewife trips!

Now the hunter, tired and faint,
Toils adown the icy slope;
Bounds he with a bolder step,
Smiles he with a sudden hope,
As his eye with joy untold
Doth his cottage home behold.

Hie thee, huntsman, to thy home;
Go not out among the hills

Till the gentle spring doth come
To unbind the fettered rills—
To awake the lovely flowers—
To retint the maple bowers—
And with colors fresh and rare,
To adorn the landscape fair.

GOING HOME.

BY KATE POWERS.

The violets in the early May
Beside the garden pathway grow;
Under her window all the day
She hears the murmuring waters go.
Two apple-trees beside the wall,
Stand full of blossoms, white and sweet,
And in the water at their feet
The shadows of the branches fall.
She hears the little blue-birds sing,
She sees the woods, and hills, and skies—
Love in her heart, tears in her eyes,
She praises God that it is spring.

And when the warmer days are come,
She lies through long and dreary hours,
Wearily listening to the hum
The bees keep making 'mong the flowers.
The flies 'mid the roses throng
That blossom at the open door,
The sunshine creeps along the floor,
The shadows of the trees grow long.
From night till day, from morn till even,
Weary and sick of life she lives;
Though full of pain she never grieves,
But only lies and thinks of heaven.

The winds among the maples blow,
The rain falls very fast to-day.
Her breathing has grown faint and slow,
Her pain has almost died away;
Old faces round the bed she sees;
She wonders why they all are here;
Old loving voices reach her ear;
They say she "soon shall rest in peace."
The very words a quiet bring;
Closing her weary eyes, she saith,
"Tis sweet to die, if this be death,
Yet I can hear no angels sing."

FAITH.

BY EDWARD C. GOODWIN.

Last night I heard, afar, a blue-bird sing,
And with the west wind came the brooklet's flow;
Near the old turn-stile I found sweetly springing,
Three little violets by a bank of snow.

Hast thou less faith than nature's gentle nurslings,
Who raise their heads with spring-time's earliest
breath?

Read then the history of these tender firstlings,
Nor fear the conflict of thy life or death.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE MOUNTAIN RIVULET.—“*He that watereth shall be watered also himself.*” *Prov. xi, 25.*

If we give so much, is a common complaint, we shall exhaust our resources. Don't be afraid of that, my friend. See that little fountain yonder—away yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it. Whither away, master streamlet? I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me. Ah! you are very foolish for that: you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then. Well, says the streamlet, if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it. So, on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away. Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through the branches, and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, “It is not in my heart to harm you”—and the birds sipped its silver tide, and sung its praises; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the beasts of the field loved to linger by its banks; the husbandman's eye sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows—and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all.

And where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breeze stooped and kissed it by mistake, but caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it and had to move away, and at last the very frogs cast their venom upon it and deserted it, and Heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up.

But did not the little stream exhaust itself? O no! God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away—to the very mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it, that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry. And if God

so blessed the fountain, will he not also bless you, my friends, if, “as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?” Be assured he will.

SOFT RAIMENT.—“*But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses.*” *Matt. xi, 8.*

Persons devoted to a life of austerity commonly wore a dress of coarse materials. John the Baptist, we are told in the sacred volume, was clothed in a garment of camel's hair, with a broad leathern girdle about his loins. It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that the finest and most elegant shawls, which constitute so essential a part of the Turkish dress, and are worn by persons in the highest ranks of life, are fabricated of camel's hair. These unquestionably belong to the “soft raiment” worn by the residents in the palaces of eastern kings. But it is evident that the inspired writer intends, by the remark on the dress of John, to direct our attention to the meanness of his attire. “What went ye out for to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that are in kings' houses wear soft clothing;” but the garments of John were of a very different kind. It is, indeed, sufficiently apparent, that the inhabitants of the wilderness, where John spent his days before he entered upon his ministry, and other thinly settled districts, manufactured a stuff, in color and texture somewhat resembling our coarse hair-cloths, of the hair which fell from their camels, for their own immediate use, of which the raiment of that venerable prophet consisted. In the same manner, the Tartars of modern times work up their camels' hair into a kind of felt, which serves as a covering to their tents, although their way of life is the very reverse of easy and pompous. Like the austere herald of the Savior, the modern dervishes wear garments of the same texture, which they, too, gird about their loins with great leathern girdles. Elijah, the Tishbite, seems to have worn a habit of camels' hair, equally mean and coarse; for he is represented in our translation as a “hairy man,” which, perhaps, ought to be referred to his dress, and not to his person.—*Purton.*

RESISTING UNTO BLOOD.—“*Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin.*” *Hebrews xii, 4.*

The exercise of boxing was sometimes performed by combatants, having in their hands balls of stone or lead. At first their hands and arms were naked and unguarded, but afterward surrounded with thongs of leather, called cestus, which were used both as defensive arms, and to annoy the enemy, being filled with plummets of lead and iron, to add force to the blows.

This was one of the rudest and most dangerous of the gymnastic combats, because the antagonists ran the hazard either of being disabled, or losing their lives. They sometimes fell down dead or dying upon the sand; or they quitted the fight with a countenance so disfigured that it was not easy to know themselves; carrying away with them the sad marks of their vigorous resistance, as bruises and contusions in the face, the loss of an eye,

their teeth knocked out, their jaws broken, or some more considerable fracture. It is to this rude and dangerous exercise the apostle refers in his reasoning with the Hebrew converts: "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." The contest in which they were engaged with their adversaries, had been severe and of long continuance; they had sustained no small loss of liberty and property, which they cheerfully resigned for the sake of Christ in hope of a better inheritance in heaven; they were in danger of becoming weary and faint in their minds, from the length of the contest; but though their antagonists had often tried to defeat and foil them, they had not been permitted to shed their blood, or take away their lives, as they did to many of the saints in preceding ages. The combatant in the public games, who gave up the contest before he had lost a drop of his blood, merely because he had received a few contusions, or been roughly handled by his opponent, would have been infallibly branded with infamy. Not less shameful, and infinitely more dangerous, it would have been for any of these Hebrews to flinch from their duty, or desist from their Christian course, on account of the slighter difficulties and losses they had met with in striving against sin.—*Fluxton.*

THE SPOTLESS LAMB.—Nature is never prodigal of her gifts. Birds of gay plumage have no song; strength is denied to creatures endowed with swiftness. Thus it is often said, and with justice, that as one man is generally distinguished by the predominance of one virtue, or one class of virtues, and another man by the ascendancy of a different kind of excellences, so the union of both might realize perfection. Had the peculiar gifts of John and Paul been blended, the result might have been a perfect apostle. Were the intrepidity of Luther, the tenderness of Melancthon, and the calm intellect of Calvin combined in one person, you would have the model of a faultless reformer. Had Whitefield possessed Wesley's tact and power of management, or Wesley, Whitefield's restless vigor and burning eloquence, would there not be the type of a complete evangelist? Out of the distinctive talents and acquirements of Coke, Bacon, and Hale, might be evolved the ideal of a finished judge. And would he not be a paragon of statesmanship who had the tongue of Chatham, the soul of Fox, and the shrewd and practical energy of Peel? But Jesus was distinguished by the rarest union of integrity and goodness. Every grace that adorns humanity was in him, and in him in fullness and symmetry. No virtue jostled another out of its place. None rose into extravagance—none pined in feeble restriction. There was room for love to a mother in a heart filled with love to the world. He felt that he was dying as a son, while he was making atonement as a Savior. His patriotism was not absorbed in the wide sweep of his philanthropy. What amiability in his character—what meekness and patience in the midst of unparalleled persecution! No frown was ever upon his face, and no scorn was ever upon his tongue; but his eyes were often filled with tears, and his bosom overflowed with sympathy, and his lips with consolation. His one pursuit was the good of men. For that, by night he prayed, and by day he labored. Opposition did not deter him, and ingratitude did not sour him. With what pains and patience he taught! With what dignity and heroism he suffered! To attain the noblest of ends, he died the most awful of deaths. He lived in the luxury of doing good, and expired in the triumphs of a perfected enterprise. There was no step for self. No unworthy taint

soiled his purity, or alloyed his merit. He realized the end of humanity—the glory and the enjoyment of God. The multitude hungered, and he fed them; they erred, and he rebuked them. The disciple trembled at the storm, he arose and rebuked it. He summoned out of his bier the young man of Nain, and when he might have claimed him as a follower and an apostle, he gave her only son back to his mother. Wine was exhausted at the marriage feast, and, not to expose the poverty of the newly-wedded pair, he created a farther supply. He took the little children in his arms, and blessed them. He could not keep the weeping mourner in suspense, but said unto her—"Mary." The sisters of Lazarus sobbed in sorrow, and he raised their brother. Peter denied him thrice, and thrice he comforted and commissioned the penitent. Judas saluted him with a kiss, and in the blandness of his sorrow for the traitor he called him, "Friend." So perfect in every relation of life—so wise in speech, and so pure in conduct—so large in compassion, and intense in beneficence—so replete with every thing that charms into attachment and rapture. He was the incarnation of universal loveliness. We repeat it, were he but a man, who would not love him, and caress his memory, as an honor to his species—a man standing out from all other men in spiritual fascination and beauty? "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons"—of deeper verdure than the greenest of them, and of richer and more fragrant blossom than any of its blooming companions.

Is there any enthusiasm in loving one so worthy of our affection? Can there be really any bosom so callous and insensate as not to be entranced with the vision of the bleeding Lamb? You have not, indeed, seen him; you know not the color of his complexion, the height of his stature, or the tones of his voice. But you need not such information—you have his portrait drawn by an inspired pencil, and preserved in the Gospels. It is a perfect likeness. And as you gaze upon it in its beauty and charms, and feel its inquiring eye to be upon you and to be following you, will you not look up to the living Jesus, and say in a burst of sincerity, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!"—*Dr. Eadie.*

COUNT THEM.—Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come, every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell of your best friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you.

You have murmured under affliction; but who has heard you rejoice over blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life, the Gospel of Christ, divine worship? Had they the power of speech, each would say, "I am mercy." Perhaps you never regarded them as such. If not, you have been a dull student of nature or revelation.

What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits?

Yet we have seen enough of men to know that they have a morbid appetite for thorns. If they have lost a friend they will murmur at the loss, if God has given them a score of new ones. And somehow, every thing

assumes a value when it is gone, which man would not acknowledge when he had it in his possession, unless, indeed, some one wished to purchase it.

Happy is he who looks at the right side of life, of providence, and of revelation; who avoids thorns, and thickets, and sloughs, till his Christian growth is such that if he can not improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of afflictions.

"SAFE! SAFE!"—A ship was cast away in the South Pacific Ocean. Two boats containing the crew put off from the vessel, and made their way to one of the savage islands. On landing, the crew of one of these boats was seized by the ferocious islanders, killed, and devoured; for the people were cannibals. The other company, seeing the fate of their comrades, made their escape.

A number of years afterward, one of the men who thus escaped was again cast away near the same place, and with some companions in danger, was thrown upon the very same island. Consternation seized them when they ascertained where they were. They hid themselves in caves and in the woods, carefully avoiding observation. One day as they toiled up a steep ascent, fearing that the rustling of the leaves and the crackling of the twigs and branches would attract attention, they suddenly emerged from the wood into an open space. The sailor who had once escaped, and a second time been cast away, was in advance of the rest. No sooner had he reached the open space on the top of the hill, than he leaped up with excessive joy, and shouted, "Safe! safe! safe!"

And what was the cause of his sudden and ecstatic joy? Simply this: he saw the spire of a church, in a neighboring village, rising toward heaven, and he knew that the missionary had been there, and the islanders were cannibals no longer. The Bible, by God's blessing, had done its work there, and the savages had learned the ways of peace and righteousness. You are safe in person and property among people who really love the Bible. Reader, do you believe that any other teaching would, in a few years, have produced such a change?

THE PALM-TREE.—"*The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.*" *Psalms cxi, 12.*

Few trees can equal the palm in absolute usefulness. Its shadow refreshes the weary traveler. Its sweet and abundant fruit restores his strength. And when his soul faileth him for thirst, its welcome telegraph announces, "Here is water." The light-house of the wilderness, nature's simple hostelry, its beacon has darted life into many a glassy eye, and has forwarded to the home which he hardly hoped to see again many a sinking wanderer; so that glad associations and grateful offices have gone far to enhance its beauty. And in the tender mercy of God, there are distributed through the Church of Christ, and consequently through the world, many persons who, in beneficence, flourish like the palm. To do good and communicate they never forget. They can not avoid it. It is now spontaneous with them; for God gave them the disposition when he gave them their new nature. Like a cool shadow in a scorching day, their counsel revives the perplexed, and their sympathy cheers the sad. Like the clustering dates ungrudgingly showered on the passenger, their generosity and hospitality are a boon to all who need them. And, like the palm-tree pointing to the hidden well, their sure direction guides the weary seeker to the Fountain where he drinks and lives forever. Such a one was Barnabas, the Son of Consolation, in whose

large heart and tender wisdom, afflicted consciences and wounded spirits found the balm which healed them, "a good man and full of the Holy Ghost." And such were Gaius, and Aquila, and Lydia, and Dorcas, whose willing roof and untiring bounty made Churches their debtors, and who found in the prayers of the poor their payment. And such was Philip the Evangelist, who put the timely question to the Ethiopian, and, business-like and brother-like, sat down in the chariot beside him, and pointed out so plain that way to heaven which the earnest stranger was so fain to find. And such in later times have been many of the Church universal's worthies: Bernard Gilpin, whose open hand and inviting door softened toward the Gospel the rude heart of Northumberland; John Thornton, of whom it was remarked, "Were there but a thousand loving Christians of great opulence like-minded with him, the nation would be convinced of the good operation of the Gospel;" William Wilberforce, who, in addition to countless acts of considerate philanthropy, sought out and sent to college young men of principle and promise, and saw his liberality rewarded when they became judges of the land, and distinguished ministers of the Gospel; Howell Harris, who filled his Trevecca mansion with scores of disabled and destitute Christians, and, amidst the tears of a hundred adopted children, passed away to that beloved Savior whom hungry he fed, and a stranger he had taken in, (Matthew xxv, 35, 40;) Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley, who devoted her long widowhood to prayer and active kindness, and re-peopled her desolate home with orphans and the pious poor; John Newton, whose dusky Coleman-street chamber shone with a heavenly radiance in many a memory; for there, amid his affectionate explanations, the cross stood out to their tearful view, and for the first time they learned to find in a Savior's side the double refuge from sin and from sorrow. And such in your place and your measure may each of you, who are Christians at all, aspire to become. "Herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Kind looks, kind words, kind deeds, advice thoughtfully and honestly given, trouble cheerfully taken; visits to the sick and the mourning, when your heart goes with you, and you are in a mood for prayer; gifts of your substance, large enough to make you interested in the cause to which you contribute; and intercessions as earnest as these gifts are cordial—such are true fruits of righteousness; such are the genuine produce of a thriving palm.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

THE DUMB SERMON.—"*I will make thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth, that thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be to them a reprover.*" *Ezekiel iii, 26.*

The Rev. William Tennant, formerly a very eminent minister of the Gospel in New England, once took much pains to prepare a sermon to convince a celebrated infidel. But, in attempting to deliver this labored discourse, Mr. Tennant was so confused that he was obliged to stop, and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever with the force of his eloquence, led the infidel to reflect that Mr. Tennant had been at other times aided by a divine power. This reflection proved the means of his conversion. Thus God accomplished by silence what his servant meant to effect by persuasive preaching. Mr. Tennant used afterward to say, "his dumb sermon was the most profitable sermon that he had ever delivered." The ways of God are not the ways of man, nor his thoughts our thoughts—for often he works by means which we consider no means at all.

Papers Critical, Exegetical, and Philosophical.

THE LATE GENERAL CONFERENCE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ANOTHER General conference has convened, transacted its business, and adjourned. The details of its proceedings have gone out in our daily and weekly papers through all the land. The interest felt in this session of the General conference has been rarely if ever surpassed. Its proceedings have been well reported. The *Daily Western Christian Advocate*, issued at the seat of the conference, and designed to give a full report of its proceedings, reached an edition of 6,000, while there were frequently not less than a dozen or fifteen reporters for the secular press on the floor at the same time. Our weeklies, too, whose aggregate issues are over 100,000, prolong the reportorial note. We are not, therefore, called upon to act as reporter. Ours shall be simply "notes by the way"—mere glances at the body and at its doings.

The General conference was composed of two hundred and twenty-one delegates, elected by the annual conferences in the ratio of one for every thirty traveling ministers. After admitting, which we may do in all fairness, that some of the bright lights of the Church are not recorded in the list of delegates, still we may claim that the intellect, and talent, and ministerial experience of the itinerant ranks were strongly represented in that body. Invidious distinctions among the younger delegates we shall avoid. Nor shall we undertake, to any great extent, the difficult and dangerous work of drawing pen-portraits of living men. But among the "fathers" of the conference were some whose names we would not willingly let fall from the record.

THE NESTORS OF THE CONFERENCE.

First on this list of the "ancient men" stands the name of Jacob Young, of the Ohio conference. He commenced his itinerant labors in 1803, and they have extended through a period of fifty-three years. The second year the "Western conference" appeared upon the "minutes," the name of "Jacob Young" was enrolled as a probationer. From that time forward he has been identified with the progress of Methodism in the west. Generous and self-sacrificing so long as he could labor, we rejoice that in his old age he finds warm friends rising up around him to pour their benedictions upon his head. Age and infirmity have recently compelled him to retire from effective service; but his brethren honored him once more with a seat in the highest council of the Church.

Next to that of father Young stands the name of "Peter Cartwright," who entered the traveling connection in 1804, and has now seen fifty-two years effective service. He is a man of iron frame and noble heart. Neither the herculean labors of former periods nor the weight of accumulated years seem to have made much

impression upon him. His bodily frame is erect, his eye glowing with undimmed luster, and his spirits ever sparkling and overflowing with the vivacity of youth.

Alfred Griffith, of the Baltimore conference, has just completed the fiftieth year of his ministry. In stature he is rather below the middling size. He is rather deaf, and not very prepossessing in his personal appearance. But you can not be long in his society without feeling that you are in the presence of one of nature's noblemen. You can not converse with him without being struck with the soundness of his judgment, and the variety and accuracy of his knowledge. But when his soul is kindled in debate by the imminence of some great interest, or stirred by the sublime theme of the cross of Christ in the ministry of the word, then will gush forth whatever is cogent in argument and eloquent in feeling.

The next name on this list is "Phineas Rice," of the New York conference. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1807, and now lacks one year of completing his half century of effective service. A truer and nobler man never trod the earth. He is one of the few who have been long continued in the presiding eldership, and yet retained an undiminished hold upon the affections of the younger men. His preachers ever feel that, so long as they themselves are worthy, their interests are safe in his hands. He is commanding and noble in personal appearance. Accumulated years and long-continued labors have made their impression upon him; but his heart is yet young, and his intellect even now glows with the fire of earlier years. Like Peter Cartwright, he possesses a keen perception of the ludicrous—his conceptions are often quaint, and are quaintly expressed; but in his discourses, ever and anon, passages of deep pathos, of stirring thought, rising in their expression to the sublime height of true eloquence, break upon and thrill the audience.

The next in seniority, among the General conference delegates, is "James B. Finley"—"the old chief." Who has not read his Autobiography? We know of no man who had a better right to include the incidents of Methodist history, in all the west, in *his own autobiography*. For he may claim for himself—*magna pars fui*—of the most of them. Few men have experienced wilder adventures or performed more daring exploits. In the pioneer settlements in an earlier day, and among the Indian tribes, to whom he was a missionary, he performed invaluable service—contributing largely to the Christian civilization and the Christian faith of the great west. In the great state of Ohio, which has been the principal scene of his labors, we doubt whether there is scarcely a hearth-stone beside which the name of "father Finley" is not uttered with reverence and love. He possessed a compact, vigorous frame—herculean for its power of endurance, a warm and generous heart, and an intellect fervid and glowing. Before his ministrations—as he preached Christ in demonstration of the spirit and with power—the most stubborn heart has quailed, and been subdued by the magic of the Gospel. He has been compelled, by the infirmities of age, to retire from effective service. Yet his brethren are not unmindful of his former service, nor of his fitness to participate in the highest council of the Church.

In their genial wit and humor there are strong traits of resemblance among these Nestors of the General con-

* This article is a month later than we had intended. It was sketched just as the General conference was closing, and designed for our July number. But by some failure of the mails our letter was not received at the office, and before we were aware of the failure the last page of that number had been stereotyped and put to press. We trust, however, that the article, though late, will not be uninteresting to our readers. For want of room elsewhere, we are compelled to displace our usual disquisition to make way for it.

ference. There is no asceticism in their nature; their piety is not of the sour and repulsive cast. But it is none the less true and fervent, and, we may trust, acceptable for all of that. They have laughed and joked, as well as prayed and preached, in their day, and we half suspect they have lived the longer for it. They evidently incline to look upon the bright rather than the dark side of things; to rejoice in all true progress in the Church rather than to find fault with it. Serene and peaceful be their old age; glorious their immortality.

Following hard after these, in the duration and abundance of their labors, were others whom we would gladly name did not our limits forbid it.

LENGTH OF MINISTERIAL SERVICE BY DELEGATES.

The following table, prepared with some care, may interest the curious. Its chief indication is that the conference was, in the main, composed of middle-aged and vigorous men, with here and there a sprinkling of "the fathers," to guide by the soundness of their counsel and to soften by the mellowness of their spirit.

Number who had traveled 53 years.....				1
66	66	66	52	1
66	66	66	50	1
66	66	66	49	1
66	66	66	47	1
66	66	66	45	1
66	66	66	43	1
66	66	66	42	1
66	66	66	41	2
66	66	66	40	2
66	66	66	39	1
66	66	66	38	2
66	66	66	37	1
66	66	66	35	3
66	66	66	34	1
66	66	66	33	1
66	66	66	32	3
66	66	66	31	1
66	66	66	30	3
66	66	66	29	4
66	66	66	28	6
66	66	66	27	11
66	66	66	26	8
66	66	66	25	8
66	66	66	24	3
66	66	66	23	20
66	66	66	22	18
66	66	66	21	21
66	66	66	20	11
66	66	66	19	13
66	66	66	18	12
66	66	66	17	10
66	66	66	16	9
66	66	66	15	7
66	66	66	14	6
66	66	66	13	7
66	66	66	12	8
66	66	66	11	2
66	66	66	10	1
66	66	66	9	1
66	66	66	8	1
66	66	66	7	1
66	66	66	6	1
Unascertained.....				5

In looking over this exhibit, we are led to inquire, where are the fathers—the men of herculean frame, of heroic nerve, and of gigantic intellect, who so lately, like sons of thunder, ranged over the hills and valleys of this entire land to call sinners to repentance? Where are the men who stood in the van, unmoved by the heat of the conflict? Where are the men who shone pre-eminent in the councils of the Church in former years? Where are they? Alas! we call, but the grave sends forth no response. Few of them, indeed, remain among us. They have put off the armor and ceased from the battle. Their life was one of strong and earnest labor, and now they "sleep well." We said "the grave sends forth no response." Yes, it speaks. It bids us *work while it is yet day*. It warns us that the night cometh.

DELEGATES FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

Whoever has read Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," will have a vivid recollection of what San Francisco, and, indeed, what California was comparatively a few years ago. Degradation, poverty, drunken revelry, and recklessness of life will stand out as prominent pictures in his memory. Still more vivid, if possible, will be the recollection of the Oregon of the early time, to those who have read the cruelties practiced by the savages upon captured seamen. Thousands have recoiled with horror at the thrilling narrations of Jewett, who was captured and imprisoned by them.

Scarcely a score of years have passed since the first note of redemption for Oregon was sounded. In 1834 "Daniel Lee, missionary to the Flathead Indians," for the first time appears in the "minutes." Little did the Church comprehend the greatness of the mission then commenced. The conversion and civilization of a few Indians was all that then lay within the scope of her vision. That expectation is all unrealized. The poor Indian, where is he? But, lo! an enterprise, magnificent beyond all expectation—an achievement that never entered into the thoughts of the wisest counselors of the missionary enterprise, has gradually opened up in the providence of God. The foundations of a new empire are already laid in Oregon.

The rise and progress of the work in California, and the transformation of the whole country, is still more wonderful. A conference of nearly one hundred appointments—the growth of six or eight years; it seems almost incredible!

The fact is, an achievement has been accomplished, and is now accomplishing, upon the Pacific coast worthy of the chivalric age of the Church. To be permitted to take the hand and form the acquaintance of "delegates" from these two conferences—men who have toiled and labored there, and to hear them talk of the progress and prospects of the work, was one of the rare privileges enjoyed by us at the General conference. They have begun right. Seminaries and colleges have been provided for the people. And by indefatigable effort these delegates have secured to themselves and to the Church the inestimable benefits of a weekly religious press. Henceforth the California and Pacific Christian Advocates are firmly established as parts and parcels of the "Advocate family." Results of higher magnitude or more immediate, can be expected in no other field of our operations than in these two conferences on the Pacific coast. Then, too, we have the very men there to encompass such results—vigorous, energetic, go-ahead men; men, too, impressed with the grandeur of their mission, and nerved with high resolution to equal all its emergencies.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

Four questions of general interest were prominently agitated in the body; namely, slavery, the extension of the time, the presiding eldership, and lay delegation in the General and annual conferences.

The first received long and earnest attention, as its importance demanded. And here, at the outset, we are pleased to record that the question was not between proslavery on the one side, and antislavery on the other. For, so far as we heard or know, no defense or even apology for slavery as a system was uttered upon that floor. The question involved simply the relations of the Church—as an antislavery Church—to the subject—not how it should be tolerated and fostered, but what should be

done for its extirpation, and at what limit the present legislative action of the Church should stop. Upon these points there was an honest and conscientious difference of opinion. But in the intercourse of brethren from the extreme sections, two points, we think, were clearly elicited.

First, that our disciplinary platform is essentially anti-slavery, notwithstanding the crudities which have crept into our organic law. Secondly, that it is so regarded in the administration all along our southern border. On this point of administration we think we can safely say, that we who represented regions more remote from "border difficulties," had unexpected cause for congratulation. On these points the majority report bears ample and honorable testimony. Brethren in different portions of the work have now a clearer insight into each other's views and aims; and such insight, if we are not mistaken, will conduce powerfully to the peace and harmony of the Church. We speak advisedly when we say that many men—sincerely and thoroughly anti-slavery—opposed any further present legislative action from the clear conviction that such action would not only not advance the administration, but actually and seriously embarrass it. Whether in this they judged righteous judgment the future alone can determine.

What new aspects this "vexed question," in the Church and in the state, will assume within the coming four years God only knows. The times are pregnant with great events. It is a time when men of faith should pray—especially when they should encompass the public weal in their prayers.

THE EXTENSION OF TIME.

Various propositions relating to the length of time a preacher might be continued in the same charge came before the body. The main issue, however, was upon its extension to three years. On this issue a large vote was obtained—91 for, to 127 against. This is not, as all must admit, a question of radical innovation upon Methodist economy, but one of simple Christian expediency. But in its decision we are to have in view, not special cases nor special localities, but the general workings of our itinerancy. Standing open, as the question now does, we have no doubt the ascertained will of the people will, in the end, avail largely in its decision.

PRESIDING ELDER QUESTION.

Almost equally ubiquitous with the slavery question has been that relating to the presiding eldership in the Church. Next to slavery it received the largest share of attention in the memorials that came before the General conference. But every investigation of the subject, we judge, only tended to increase the conviction, that in our economy the office is indispensable; and also, that it can not, at least in many portions of the work, without great difficulty, be substituted by "chairmen" of districts. We can not now give even a synopsis of the arguments, pro and con, upon this subject. We must confess, however, to the general conviction wrought in our own mind, that the evils complained of in relation to this office are, in the main, incidental and local, and that they do not by any means necessarily inhere in the office itself. Some of those difficulties arise from local circumstances, and may, therefore, be difficult to cure; others find their natural remedy in episcopal administration. The vote on the inexpediency of changing the office stood, 143 to 72. So, for the four coming years, at least, the question is settled.

LAY DELEGATION.

Very few memorials on lay delegation came before the General conference; yet that body seemed inclined to give an entirely respectful consideration to the subject. The matter has been agitated and discussed largely in a few places; but we incline to the opinion that the laity generally, in common with the ministry, feel a great hesitancy in attempting the radical change of that system of Church economy which sprung into being under the guiding providence of God, and has grown up, resisting every assault, and maturing in strength and vigor, for almost a century. Break the unity of such a system, and the whole fabric would be in danger of crumbling to atoms.

The committee, after denying that the lay element, as has been alleged, fails of recognition in our ecclesiastical economy, declare to the General conference that they "are free to say that, could they see any method by which the element of lay influence could be brought into a wider and more active sphere, without destroying the harmony of our organization, and thus periling its stability and efficiency, we would most cheerfully and heartily recommend such method for your adoption." We have not the means of determining the precise vote cast upon the adoption of the committee's report, but we believe it was nearly unanimous. Yet we have this undoubted conviction of the ministry, that they will not shrink from divesting themselves of what little powers and prerogatives they possess, if any, not essential to their vocation as ordained by Heaven, when it shall be made apparent that the efficiency and success of the Church will be promoted by it. Not to feel and act thus would make them usurpers in the sacred office. But, on the other hand, to be ever ready to change as the notions of men might demand, would rob the Church of all stability, and, in the end, of all aggressive power. For seventy years she has been developing her economy, her compactness, strength, and aggressive power. Men have toiled and waited while she grew. Why, then, should any be impatient for sudden change? Let changes "grow," then they will be less likely to impair the efficiency or peril the stability of the Church.

It may be that we are getting "behind the age"—becoming an "old fogey." So let it be. We are willing to wait and bear the reproach till we can see something better than what we now have. Then we shall be prepared for action. To reject a good measure merely because it is *new*, is a stultification of common sense, as well as an offense against all sound religion. Equally absurd is it to retain, merely because it is *old*, a usage which has already become superannuated. Yet we can not but admire the strong tendency in human nature to hold on to ancient or established institutions and usages. It is the conservative element which guards against anarchy. *True progress* is to maintain the ancient, not so much from a reverence to its antiquity as from its practical utility, and to adopt the *new*, not because it is new, but because it most clearly and unmistakably promises usefulness.

On this subject of lay delegation, however, we think there is a strong desire in a large portion of the leading minds in our ministry that the Church, in some way, should avail herself more largely of the practical wisdom and experience of the many eminent laymen numbered in her fold. There are thousands of such we should rejoice to meet in council.

VARIOUS ACTS OF THE CONFERENCE.

Our limits forbid even the statement of the action of the conference in relation to the German home and foreign work, in relation to the work in Africa as well as our missions generally, or in relation to the various revisals of Discipline. Our new Discipline will soon be out, and we may then make it the subject of a paper. The limitation of a preacher's stay at one time in the same city to four years, was removed after some earnest discussion. This was a recent measure, and was hastily ingrafted on our economy. Its removal places us back on the old ground.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Among the pleasing features of the General conference we recognize the presence and ministrations of Dr. Hannah and Mr. Jobson, the delegates from the Wesleyan connection. We are half tempted to indulge in a description of their persons, manners, and style of pulpit address. We might, indeed, inflict this evil upon our readers, were we not admonished by the number of sheets before us, to cut short our gossiping. Dr. Hannah has long been one of the leading minds in the Wesleyan connection. Mr. Jobson is one of its rising luminaries.

Messrs. Edgerton and Jones, of the Canada conference, gave a most encouraging account of the state of the work in that region. And Messrs. Scott and Cather made eloquent appeals in behalf of Ireland.

GETTING THE FLOOR.

Even in so grave and reverend a body as the General conference, some rather ludicrous scenes will now and then occur. One of these, which, by the way, was of rather frequent recurrence, was the effort to obtain the floor by the would-be speakers. At times, when the speaking "fever was up," these efforts were provokingly laughable. Have you ever been landed from a railroad train in the great Gotham of the new world? Do you know what it is to be stunned and almost crazed by the unearthly calls of fifty cabmen—each one looking you directly in the eye, and claiming the privilege of carrying your noble self to your quarters? Such was, sometimes, almost the condition of the presiding officer—the grand center at which whole volleys of "Mr. President" were fired with stentorian vigor.

Such a scene now rises up before me. The debate is waxing warm. A speaker is on the floor. He evidently approaches the close of his speech. Piercing eyes are fixed upon him. Now apparently the *last* words of the *last* sentence are falling. Twenty men are on their feet, and "Mr. President"—with varied intonations, accents,

and cadences—gushes from twenty voices at once. Unmindful of the interruption the speaker deliberately proceeds—"But, sir, I have another thought," etc. The twenty sink to their seats, and the pent-up fires of eloquence smolder in their breasts. Again the speaker draws to a close. Again the twenty rise and salute the Chair. Again they sink confounded, as old *loquitur* says, "Still one other thought, Mr. President, and I have done," etc. Now he rushes through that other thought. Again those of the twenty whose courage still holds out rise and salute the Chair. It is all in vain. "In conclusion" now lugs in its lengthened trail, and again the fires of eloquence smolder. But now the end comes. Old *loquitur* turns and bends to his seat. Dear me, what a volley of "Mr. Presidents!" How "the Chair" determines who has "the floor," for the life of me, I can not tell. Nor could I ever tell on what principle I selected my backman when landing in the good city of Gotham; but suppose I decide on some body, because I must have some body—that's all. This "getting the floor," after all, is undoubtedly a science. Some have evidently studied it to good purpose. They were not unlike certain skillful hackmen, whose carriages are loaded down while their neighbors' are empty.

CHRISTIAN AMENITIES.

Perhaps the vein in which we have been indulging is unwarrantable; yet we think the picture is not overdrawn in its relation to occasional scenes witnessed on the floor of the General conference. But we would not allow this to be taken as a sample of the decorum prevailing there. We believe there never was a deliberative body in which the amenities due from Christian gentlemen to men of the same character were more universally observed. Warm and earnest debate there was, wide and radical differences of opinion; but the harmony of kind and Christian feeling was rarely if ever broken.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The closing scene was solemn beyond description. At twelve o'clock on the night of the 3d of June, after about thirty-six sessions, during some thirty-three days of fatiguing labor, the "journals were read up" and the closing religious services performed. Then followed the parting shake of the hand, the utterance of the solemn "farewell," and those men of God parted to meet no more on earth.

As it has been in times past, so shall it be in the future. Before another General conference shall be convened some of our number will have seen "the last of earth." Spirit of Light and Truth, help each one to ask, "Lord, is it I?"

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

THE COST OF ROYALTY.—On the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of England, in 1837, she gave her official sanction to an act of Parliament settling £385,000, or about \$2,000,000, annually on herself. This was \$50,000 more, per annum, than was allowed to her predecessor, William IV. At the same time the Queen's mother had her allowance increased from \$110,000 to \$150,000 per annum. The Queen also draws from the civil list of Ireland and Scotland, the Duchy of Lancas-

ter, etc., \$1,415,000, besides the sum of \$1,425,000 voted her by Parliament, making her income the neat sum of \$3,840,000 a year. Prince Albert's allowance, as fixed by Parliament, is \$150,000 yearly; that of certain dukes, duchesses, etc., \$550,000. Victoria has the free use of various palaces, said palaces being kept in repair at an annual expense to the public of \$1,248,465. Thus for boardings, personals, etc., the Queen and her household get yearly the sum of \$4,988,465. The Princess Royal,

aged sixteen, besides all this, is about to get married, and is to have as her dowry \$350,000.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.—From the report of the Committee on Education, of which Dr. Thomson was chairman, read before the last General conference, we obtain the following statistics as to the colleges and universities under the superintendence and patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States:

1. Number of universities and colleges.....	19
2. Number of professors.....	106
3. Number of pupils in college proper and preparatory department for 1855.....	2,962
4. Value of buildings, grounds, and educational fixtures.....	\$ 516,342
5. Endowments.....	\$1,558,000
6. Other property.....	\$45,000
7. Cost of apparatus and cabinet.....	\$36,565
8. Volumes in libraries.....	79,860
9. Whole indebtedness.....	\$79,442

Below, from the same source, we give the statistics respecting academies, seminaries, female colleges, and collegiate institutes:

1. Number.....	68
2. Number of instructors.....	306
3. Pupils in attendance for 1855.....	14,572
4. Value of academic buildings, grounds, and fixtures.....	\$959,850
5. Endowments.....	\$151,000
6. Other property.....	\$51,515
7. Cost of apparatus and cabinets.....	\$27,688
8. Volumes in libraries.....	22,959
9. Whole indebtedness.....	\$212,870

Of Biblical institutes there are two—one at Concord, N. H., the other at Evanston, Ill. Their statistics are these:

1. Professors.....	6
2. Students in 1856.....	109
3. Value of buildings and lots.....	\$18,000
4. Endowments.....	\$325,000
5. Volumes in libraries.....	60,000

For all institutions, universities, colleges, Biblical institutes, seminaries, etc., the total of assets above liabilities is \$3,130,395.

THE BAPTIST MINISTRY.—In 1852 the Baptist denomination in the United States had 9,584 Churches, averaging 81 members to each Church. There were then of ordained ministers 6,291, leaving 3,293 Churches without supply. But of these ordained ministers, says the American Baptist Register, 730 were without charge of any regular pastoral work, leaving the actual number of ministers in charge of congregations 5,561—that is to say, there were 4,023 Churches without supply. From the Register referred to, we learn that there were in this country,

In 1793, 1,000 Churches and 1,264 ministers, or 264 more ministers than Churches.

In 1812, 2,433 Churches and 1,792 ministers, leaving a deficiency of 611 ministers.

In 1832, 5,322 Churches and 3,647 ministers, leaving a deficiency of 1,675 ministers.

In 1852, 9,584 Churches and 7,393 ministers and licentiates, leaving a deficiency of 2,159 ministers, or deducting those not in the regular work, the deficiency is 2,889.

Allowing the increase of Churches to be in the same ratio for the future as in the past, and allowing the duration of the pastoral term to be twenty-five years on the average, it must needs be that at least six hundred preachers annually be added to the list to meet the wants of the Baptist Church in this country. Where these six hundred can be obtained from is a question that is occupying the attention of the gravest men in the Baptist Church of the country. The limited support of the ministry in the American Baptist Church—an average

of \$250 a year—will, as it has heretofore, operate seriously against the reinforcement so much demanded. Yet this meagerness of support exists in other Churches besides Baptist ones.

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES AND COLLEGES.—Since the year 1820 the Baptists of the United States have established ten theological seminaries. These, in 1852, contained twenty-four professors and one hundred and five students—an average of a little over four students to each professor. The institution at Newton, Mass., is the best endowed. It has fine buildings, beautiful and most spacious grounds, and recently the sum of \$100,000 was raised for its more ample support. It has very large aid also from the Baptist Education Society annually. During the twenty-seven years ending in 1852, it graduated only two hundred and one students. Carefully prepared statistics show that the accessions to the Baptist ministry from the theological schools, is only thirty-five annually. Of Baptist colleges there are in America twenty-two. In all of these the average number of students preparing for the ministry is three hundred and twelve. Allowing four years as the college term proper, and going on the supposition that all who enter college with the ministry in view, leave it with the ministry in view, the supply to the ministerial ranks is seventy-eight annually from the colleges—making, as the regular number, both from theological seminaries and colleges, about one hundred a year. This is just five hundred short of what is demanded every year for the proper manning of the Baptist work in the United States, and causes Dr. Wayland and other leading men in the Baptist Church, to acknowledge that theological schools and colleges can not meet the wants of the Baptist Church in regard to filling the pulpits of their Church.

CALICO WINDOW BLINDS.—M. Oberkampff was the first who made window blinds of painted calico. They were designed and colored after the manner of the old-fashioned windows, and a beautiful effect was produced by admitting light. The immense manufactories now in operation in France owe their origin to this man. Vast manufactures have been erected on the plan of the Jony establishment, and the laborers now employed in them are estimated at nearly 300,000. The richest and most beautiful designs on cotton are now produced in that country, and the colors combined present a most beautiful shaded appearance. The principles of this art have been profoundly studied by the French manufacturers. They usually keep chemists, who have been educated in the Parisian schools of science, engaged in making experiments upon colors and their applications.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The Commencement exercises of this institution, located at Delaware, O., took place June 11th. Ten young gentlemen, having completed the regular collegiate course, received the degree of A. B. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry, of the Ohio conference, author of one of the late prize essays on Beneficence, and on Rev. J. T. Barr, a member of the British Wesleyan conference, and well known as a correspondent of the Repository and author of several interesting Sabbath school books. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Wm. Hunter, Professor of Biblical Literature in Alleghany College, Meadville, Penn. The addresses before the literary societies were by President Allen, of Farmers' College, and Dr. Huston, editor of the Home Circle, Nashville, Tenn. The financial condition of the Ohio

Wesleyan University is in a most healthy condition. Arrangements are now making to improve and beautify the college grounds.

CINCINNATI SABBATH SCHOOLS.—From the fifth annual report of the Society of Religious Inquiry, in regard to the Sabbath schools of Cincinnati, we gather the following as the statistics for the year 1856:

Denominations.	Schools.	Teachers.	Scholars.	Library Books.
Methodist.....	32	733	4,530	13,931
Presbyterian.....	19	376	2,329	6,634
Baptist.....	10	145	1,156	2,383
Society of Relig. Inquiry.	9	136	790	840
Union.....	6	83	700	1,350
Episcopal.....	4	93	615	2,181
Congregational.....	3	63	295	1,120
Miscellaneous.....	19	326	2,182	5,485
Total.....	102	1,955	12,597	33,924

There has been an increase over the year 1855 as follows: Of schools, 6; of teachers, 106; of scholars, 241; and of volumes in libraries, 1,460. The sum of \$6,000 was contributed during the year ending in April, 1856, for general mission purposes.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN NEW YORK CITY.—The following is a list of public libraries in New York city, and the number of volumes belonging to each of them:

Astor Library.....	80,000
New York Society Library.....	40,000
Mercantile Library Association.....	47,000
New York Historical Society.....	25,000
Apprentices' Library.....	18,000
Library of Free Academy.....	15,000
New York Law Institute.....	6,000
Library of American Institute.....	7,500
Library of Columbia College and Literary Society.....	24,000
Library of Union Theological Seminary.....	24,000
Library of Episcopal Theological Seminary.....	12,000
Library of Lyceum of Natural History.....	3,000
Library of New York Hospital.....	6,000
Library of Young Men's Christian Association.....	2,000
Library of Mechanics' Institute.....	3,000
Printers' Free Library.....	4,000
Library of College of Physicians and Surgeons.....	1,500
Library of American Bible Society.....	1,500
Library of Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.....	3,000
Library of American Bible Union.....	4,000
Library of American and Foreign Bible Society.....	1,000
Merchants' and Clerks' Library Association.....	600
New York City Library.....	2,000
Library of American Geographical Society.....	300
Library of Spangler Female Institute.....	2,000
Library of Rutgers Female Institute.....	2,190
Library of New York University and Literary Societies.....	2,700
Total.....	337,290

The 11,748 public school libraries of New York state contain, in the aggregate, according to the last report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, no less than 1,505,370 volumes. Nothing like this has yet been attempted in any country, if we except the effort made to establish libraries for teachers in France. There can be no doubt that, in small collections and general diffusion of books, the United States is ahead of any country in the world. The Paris National Library is said to contain 824,000 volumes; Munich Royal, 600,000; St. Petersburg Imperial, 446,000; Copenhagen Royal, 412,000; Gottingen University, 360,000; Berlin Royal, 500,000; and the London British Museum, 490,000.

PROGRESS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The increase of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States during the years 1852, 1853, 1854, and 1855, exclusive of foreign missions, is 49,842. The grand total membership is 799,431 in the United States alone, and the increase during the last four years has been about seven per cent.

The number of preachers, traveling and local, is 11,818; 5,408 of this number belong to the ranks of the traveling connection, and 6,410 to the local. These ministers are

diffused all over the country, from Maine to Oregon and California. A large majority of the traveling ministers preach on the several days of the week as well as on the Sabbath, and the local ministers preach on the Sabbath—the most of them having regular appointments.

The amount collected for missions in 1852 was \$152,382, and in 1855, \$197,973, making an increase of \$45,591. The appropriation for missions for the current year is \$260,000. The number of Sunday schools in 1852 was 9,074, number of officers and teachers 98,031, the number of scholars in infant classes 45,632, making a total of scholars receiving religious instruction in these nurseries of the Church, 550,311. From the annual report for the year 1856, it will be seen that the number of schools has increased to 10,449, officers and teachers to 112,159, scholars, advanced and infant, to 651,451, being a larger number by 152,772 than in 1852.

The number of conversions in 1852 is reported at 14,557; in 1853, 13,243; 1854, 16,916; 1855, 17,494; and in 1856, 17,443, making a total of conversions, since the last General conference, of nearly 80,000.

The sum realized from all sources, in 1852, amounted to \$7,258, and in 1855, \$11,381.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI.—Since 1845 this institution, in care of Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., and lady, has graduated, in the Classical department 46, and in the English department 134 young ladies. Never, we think, was the institution in a more flourishing condition, and never was there a fuller or a more enthusiastic attendance upon the exercises than at the last Commencement, held in Wesley Chapel, when three young ladies graduated in the Classical and twenty-five in the English department. The whole number in attendance, in all the departments, during the year, was 401.

SUICIDE.—A French writer has recently published an interesting work on this subject, in which he enumerates among the causes, drunkenness, want, misconduct, insanity, domestic grievances, love, quarreling, pride. It is more common among males than females, and in large centers of population than where the people are thinly scattered. It is more frequent in unmarried and widowed persons, and occurs very rarely in youth. In France there is one suicide in every 13,461 inhabitants. The number is at its maximum in the north, decreases in the east, west, and center, and is least in the south. More suicides are committed by day than by night, and more in summer than in winter.

ALLEGHANY COLLEGE.—This institution, located at Meadville, Penn., about thirty-six miles south of Erie, Penn., came under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1833. Its present endowment, secured by mortgage on real estate, is \$80,000. The volumes in the college library number 8,000. In the Biblical department, in charge of Dr. Hunter, are thirty students. At the Commencement, held July 2d, twenty-one young men received the degree, in course, of A. B.

BRITISH CHARITIES.—The following are the receipts for the year ending May, 1856, of the several societies whose headquarters are in London:

Bible Societies.....	£ 627,752
Foreign and Colonial Missions.....	2,133,501
Home Missions, and Church and Chapel Building Societies.....	963,008
Tract and Book Societies.....	201,948
Orphan Asylums, etc.....	868,087
Reformatories, Hospitals, etc.....	638,062
Educational and Miscellaneous.....	389,880
Total.....	£ 4,812,600

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS

THE CENTRAL IDEA OF CHRISTIANITY. By Jesse T. Peck, D. D. Boston: Henry V. Degen. 12mo. Pp. 389.—This work consists of six chapters—The Central Idea of Christianity Ascertained, Defined, Neglected; the Central Idea in its Claims, in its Councils, and in its Appeals. It consists mainly of gathered fragments—the author's contributions on the subject of Christian holiness to various magazines during the past eight or ten years. These fragments have been collected by the author, judiciously arranged, and the connecting links supplied, so that the whole now exhibits a continuous train of thought, and embodies a really powerful argument upon the great subject of which it treats. The work is characterized by the author's usual vigor of style and earnestness of appeal, and is just such a work as will do the earnest Christian good. We had marked several extracts, but do not find room for them now. We shall glean an occasional passage from the work for our Scripture Cabinet.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES PERSONIFIED AND EXHIBITED AS A DIVINE FAMILY. An Illustrated Allegory. By Rev. D. D. Buck. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. For sale by Swormstedt & Poe. 12mo. Pp. 290.—The author of this work is already known to our readers by sundry contributions to its columns. He is also known to the public as the author of "Our Lord's Great Prophecy." In the present volume he has given us an illustrated allegory—exhibiting, after the manner of the "Pilgrim's Progress," the various offices of the several Christian virtues—their vocation *here*, their reward *hereafter*. The work exhibits not a little ingenuity in its conception as well as execution. It is quite readable, and will be equally instructive to the young.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO METHODISM. By Rev. Daniel Wise. Boston: J. P. Magee. 16mo. 234 pp.—The design and scope of this work will be best expressed by an extract from the "introductory note."

"My first intention, when gathering materials for this work, was to write a full and complete answer to all the points raised by certain recent writers against our Church. A little reflection, however, convinced me that such a task was needless. 1. Their writings do not reach many of our people. 2. If they did, their absurdity, falsity, and bad spirit are so obvious, that none of our members, if at all acquainted with Methodism, could be alienated from it by what they contain. 3. There is no probability that our enemies, who accept those writings, would go to the expense of purchasing such a reply, if written; for such persons do not wish to be convinced of their falsehood. 4. The only mischief likely to accrue to our Church from their circulation, arises from the oral propagation of their more silent assertions among those who, having received Christ at our altars, and being as yet but partially acquainted with our system, are the objects of an unscrupulous proselytism. Hence it appeared to me, that a small book delineating the prominent features of our system, especially at those points most virulently assailed, would meet the case better than a large and elaborate polemic. I therefore determined to write an *antidote* rather than a *formal answer* to those books; to make a work which, placed in the hands of a harassed

convert, would say to him just those things which his pastor would like to say had he time and opportunity, and which, being said, would effectually fortify him against the influences of proselytism."

It is just such a work as should be upon our general catalogue, and be placed in the hands of every intelligent convert who may have difficulties on the subject.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST: An imaginary Diography founded on fact, illustrative of the history, manners, religion, literature, arts, and social condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other ancient nations in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F. R. G. S. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.—We furnish the full title of Mr. Wheeler's work, as giving a better account of it than we could write. His style is remarkably perspicuous and vivacious, and will at once captivate and hold in captivity the reader's mind. The great book of Herodotus and the labors of his numerous commentators have been Mr. Wheeler's chief authority in the historical narratives, the geographical descriptions, and the legends, traditions, and anecdotes scattered through his pages. Besides these, however, he has drawn on the labors of Grote, Thirlwall, Muller, Heeren, Rawlinson, Ferguson, etc. We commend the work as one calculated eminently to instruct as well as to interest.

LEARNING TO READ is the third volume of Harper's series of Picture Books for the Nursery. It is divided into three parts—Part I treating of the Letters, Part II of Easy Reading Lessons, and Part III of Hard Reading Lessons. Mothers will find the volume a great aid in the work of interesting their children in that very serious and formidable undertaking, learning to read. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By E. S. Creary, M. A., Professor of History in University College, London, is a duodecimo volume of 359 pages, in which, without any special discussion of ecclesiastical topics, may be found a full account of the meaning of the term "English constitution," how the English govern and are governed, together with an examination of numerous collateral topics. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.

POEMS. By Richard Chenevix Trench. New York: Redfield, 34 Beekman-street. 12mo. Pp. 336.—Mr. Trench, as author of the Study of Words, Lessons on Proverbs, Synonyms of the New Testament, etc., is well known alike to the literary and theological public. He writes poetry with quite as much grace as prose. Take the following sonnet, page 55, as an example:

"Our course is onward, onward into light:
What though the darkness gathereth again,
Yet to return or tarry both are vain.
How tarry, when around us is thick night?
Whither return? what flower yet ever might,
In days of gloom, and cold, and stormy rain,
Inclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight?
Courage! we travel through a darksome cave;
But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,

And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
We stand in the open sunshine—unaware."

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES EXPLAINED. By James M. Macdonald, D. D., Princeton, New Jersey. New York: 1856. M. W. Dodd. 12mo. Pp. 414.—This work shows the marks of thorough critical study. In the Introduction the author gives an able essay upon "The Revelation of a Future State in the Scriptures of the Old Testament," and also upon the authorship of the book of Ecclesiastes, and the life and character of Solomon. He has also given a revised version of Ecclesiastes in juxtaposition with the received one; but says he has "risen from his work with the conviction that it would be impossible for a synod or assembly of the most learned Biblical scholars of our day to make a translation, which, as a whole, would be likely to prove as acceptable to the religious, or even learned world, as that contained in our authorized English Bibles." On sale by Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati.

A NEW edition, revised and enlarged, of EDUCATIONAL ESSAYS, by E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., has been issued by Messrs. Swormstedt & Poe. The contents of the volume, now having 412 duodecimo pages, embrace the following: Close Thought, General Education, Uses of Chemistry, Poisoning, Conflicts of Life, the Path to Success, Mental Symmetry, the Inner World, Inaugural Address, Extremes in Philosophy, Religious Ideas the Basis of Education, Moral Education, Miscellaneous Reading, Necessity of Colleges, Logic, in its relations to Medical Science, Hints to Youth, Female Education, Originality, Higher Education.

THE STATES AND TERRITORIES OF THE GREAT WEST, by Jacob Ferris, is the title of a 12mo. volume of 352 pages, giving a description of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska—their geography, history, advantages, resources, and prospects, comprising their local history, institutions, and laws, giving a table of distances, and the most direct routes and modes of conveyance, and also pointing out the best districts for agricultural, commercial, lumbering, and mining operations, with a map and numerous illustrations. New York: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

GLEANINGS—SOME WHEAT, SOME CHAFF. By Miss A. A. Goddard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 12mo. 311 pp.—A collection of fugitive papers, all having a good moral tone, some of them full of pathos.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, for the academical year 1855-56, Delaware, Ohio, shows an attendance in the several departments named as follows: seniors, 10; juniors, 14; sophomores, 37; freshmen, 47; grammar school, 55; Biblical Department, 28; Scientific Department, 90; Academical Department, 276; total, 541. Edward Thomson, D. D., LL. D., President.

THE THIRD ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, Delaware, Ohio, exhibits an attendance for the year ending June 10th, as follows: Classical Department, 25; Scientific, 102; total, 233. Rev. Park S. Donelson, A. M., Principal. This institution is one of the finest in the west.

THE SIXTH TRIENNIAL CATALOGUE OF M'KENDREE COLLEGE, Lebanon, Ill., shows of seniors, 10; juniors, 14; sophomores, 19; freshmen, 35; in Preparatory Department, 17; total, 257—being an increase of thirteen over the previous year. Rev. Peter Akers, D. D., President.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF HERRON'S SEMINARY, Seventh-street, Cincinnati, states the number of students for the year ending June 30th, at 145. Joseph Herron, A. M., Principal.

CATALOGUE OF ALLEGHANY COLLEGE, Meadville, Penn., for the year 1855-56, has the following summary: seniors, 21; juniors, 20; sophomores, 23; freshmen, 33; in Preparatory Department, 97; total, 235. John Barker, D. D., President.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, Vine-street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for 1855-56, presents a list as follows: in Collegiate Department, 149; Preparatory, 193; irregular, 10; in Primary Department, 55; total, 401. Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., President; Mrs. M. C. Wilber, Governess.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for May, has papers as follows: Plays and Puritans; Life and Writings of the late Mr. Justice Talfourd; Historical Painting—Macaulay; British New Testament Criticism; Grote's History of Greece; The Weather and its Prognostics; Indian Literature; Outrages on Women; Peace and its Political Duties. In the article on the Outrages on Women, the writer says that a paragraph similar to the following can be read almost daily in the London Times:

"WORSHIP-STREET.—Charles Sloman, a surly-looking fellow, was charged with outrages upon his wife.

"The wife, a decent-looking woman, who gave her evidence with manifest reluctance against her husband, said, she only wished to be parted from him; that the prisoner had lamed her with kicks, struck her in the face with his fist, and knocked her down. She had been married only eight years, but had been beaten and ill-used so many times, that she really could not say how often, but was seldom or never without black eyes and a bruised face. She sometimes earned as much as a pound per week at artificial flower-making, but what the prisoner earned she did not know, 'as he never gave her any thing but blows.'

"Mr. Hammill sentenced the prisoner to be committed to the House of Correction for six months, with hard labor, and at the expiration of that to find good bail for a further term of like duration.

"On the wife leaving the court, the poor woman was assailed by several scoundrels with the foulest abuse—a course now frequently adopted to deter wives from prosecuting."

This exhibits a state of English metropolitan morality of the most melancholy sort. New York: L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April, has the following table of contents: British Family Histories, Lewis on early Roman History, The Haldanes, Modern Painters, The Triton and the Minnows, Southey's Letters, The Peace and its Effects on the Condition of Turkey, Montalbert on the Political Future of England. New York: L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street. Terms, \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD, for May, has articles on England's Political Future, Fish Ponds and Fishing-boats, The Art of Travel, etc. New York: L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street. Cincinnati: S. W. Pease & Co., 20 West Sixth-street.

Notes and Queries.

BURIAL WITHOUT COFFINS.—Will yourself, Mr. Editor, or some one of your correspondents, help me to a solution of the question, when coffins first came into use?

S. T. C.

Answer.—We have no special or definite information on the subject. It was customary, we believe, in England as late as 1686 to inter the dead without coffins. In the latter part of the seventeenth century we read, among other accounts, that when Sir James St. Clair, of Roslin, died, he was buried in a coffin, with great pomp, in the chapel of Roslin, by his wife, Jean Spottiswood—of the family of Spottiswood, of Spottiswood—Lady Roslin, against the sentiments of King James VII; and the great expense she was at in burying her husband occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following Parliaments. When they opened the vault for the interment of Sir James, the body of his predecessor, Sir William, was seen entire, laying in armor, with a red velvet cap on the head, and the head reclined on a stone. Nothing was spoiled but part of the white furring that went round the cap. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armor.

In the graveyard of the Augustinian Abbey, of St. John's, near Ennisworthy, in the barony of Scarawalsh, county Wexford, England, says a correspondent of a London journal, I learn that the following custom of burial was observed till about the year 1818, by certain families named Tracey, and their connections—the Doyles, the Dalys, and others—of the townland of Craan, and adjoining. The body being brought to the graveyard in a well-made coffin, the friends assembled around, and the face was uncovered, in order that they might take a farewell look at the loved departed. The body was then taken from the coffin and laid in the grave, previously prepared with great care, being made six or more feet deep; and at each end was raised a course of stone work, without mortar, eighteen inches or thirty inches high, according to circumstances. Much attention was paid to providing tough green sods, cut from the adjoining alluvial bank of the Slaney river; and several of them about seven feet long and two feet wide, each, being well rolled up, were conveyed to the graveyard, and with them the grave was carefully and neatly lined from top to bottom; one, the breadth of the grave, being laid lengthwise over the ends of the others. In this green chamber was strewed moss—in the season—dry grass, and flowers; and a pillow of the same supported the head of the corpse, when laid in this its last earthly bed. One or more stout planks were then placed longitudinally, and the green sods of the sides turned over and downward, completed all but the filling up in the usual way with the clay. The mound being covered with the original green sods of the grave, prayers were said without any *exclaiming* or any wailing but the feelings which natural grief gave utterance to, and a particular solemnity is said to have marked every occasion of the kind.

The last person at whose funeral this form was observed was named John Doyle, a bachelor; and all his friends since have conformed to the custom of the neighborhood, and use coffins.

POETICAL MEDLEY.—One of our exchanges has the following attempt at travesty in poetry. It will be observed

that the lines are none of them original, but all taken at random from different poets. The jingle is most musical:

The night has come, but not too soon;
Westward the star of empire takes its way;
Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon!
Blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Old Casper's work was done;
Piping on hollow reeds to his pent sheep,
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
On Linden when the sun was low;
A voice replied far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

What if a little rain should say,
I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
Ah! welladay!
Woodman, spare that tree!

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
The child is father of the man;
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
They can conquer who believe they can.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
Whatever is, is right;
And things are not what they seem;
My native land, good night.

A QUERY.—Whence, Mr. Editor, the common expression, "You may catch larks when the heavens fall?"

PETER.

Answer.—They were written by a French poet, Francis Rabelais, who was born 1483, and died 1553. The line, as properly translated, reads thus:

"He hoped to catch larks if the heavens should fall."

Rabelais is also author of the following, an expression of common occurrence:

"By robbing Peter he paid Paul."

A QUERY.—As the irrational or brute creation had no conceivable agency in the fall, but have unquestionably shared largely in the awful consequences of the same, what indemnification does the atonement propose to give them? Any or none? If any, what is the nature of it?

F. S. C.

THE MERRY, MERRY LARK.—Turning the leaves of a volume of poems by that piquant English prose and poetic writer, Rev. Charles Kingsley, my eye rested on the following precious little *moreau*, with the heading, "The merry Lark was up and singing." Will you gratify a bereaved heart by its insertion in your department of Notes and Queries?

M. D. H.

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rung through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the church-yard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me."

RIGHT HAND AND LEFT.—*Mr. Editor*,—In your June number of the Repository I see a query, Why do men use the right hand more than the left hand? with an invitation for some one to solve the difficulty. The true reason is found in the right lung being longer, wider, and, of course, larger than the left. Rarely do we find individuals left-handed; in all cases where they are, it is owing to the fact of an abnormal arrangement of the thoracic viscera, and the left lung is the largest, changing the strength from the right to the left shoulder, arm, and hand.

The lungs are to the human system what the engine is to the steamboat. All large steamers have two engines, one on either side, of the same size and power. Now, if you were to remove the right one, consisting of one hundred horse power, and put in its place one of a hundred and twenty horse power, and give it the same facility for receiving steam that the other has, we should have a greater amount of strength on the right side than there would be on the left, and there would be a constant tendency on the part of the right side to gain upon the left; so that the duties of the pilot would be constantly called into action to keep the boat in the proper direction.

The atmospheric air is to the lungs what steam is to the engine. In proportion to the quantities received so is the strength. You will find in almost every labor that man is called upon to perform, it is necessary to use one hand more than the other. Look at the cabinet-maker, carpenter, etc.; in using the saw, chisel, and particularly the plane, he but gives them direction with his left hand, while with the right side he applies the power; it is so in almost every mechanical branch. But it is a wise provision of the supreme Creator of all things, to establish order and uniformity in man's labor.

ELEANOR N. GOUCHER.

AUTHORSHIP OF A HYMN.—The nine hundred and tenth hymn of the Methodist collection, commencing, "O 'tis delight without alloy!" is attributed, by our compiler, to Dr. Watts. I have looked in vain for it in every edition of Watts which I have examined: and I remember to have seen it attributed to Mrs. Rowe. As there is no copy of Mrs. Rowe's poems in my possession, and the only one which I ever saw was but cursorily run over by me for this hymn, without success, some of your correspondents, familiar with this pious lady's poetry, will oblige me by resolving my doubt respecting its authorship.

S. W. W.

MEANING OF GOOD-MAN.—The word "good-man," which occurs several times in the New Testament, in the simple sense of *householder*, or *master*, is probably not a compound of the words *good* and *man*, but a derivative from the Anglo-Saxon *gume*, or *guman*, meaning simply *man*. The word *goom* is found corrupted in the word *bridegroom* for *bridegoom*; which means *bride-man*, or, as we sometimes say, *bride's man*.

SUPERSTITION RESPECTING HUMAN HAIR.—It is currently believed that the hair and beard grow on the head and face of a corpse. Reason teaches that this can not be so; yet there are appearances which might be taken as confirming the popular notion. The only explanation which I can suggest of this *apparent* fact—for I can not call it *real*—is this: The hair, like the nails, is an excrescence of the body, harder than the skin, and consequently less yielding. After death emaciation of the face results in a short while—the beard being stiff does

not sink with the skin, and the points thus become prominent, giving it the appearance of *growing*. W.

HEXAMETERS IN THE BIBLE.—There are in the New Testament at least two well-defined hexameter verses.

"Art thou he | that should | come or | do we | look for an | other."

"Husbands | love your | wives and | be not | bitter a | gainst them." P. H. W.

VIZ.—The inquiry sometimes arises, upon what principle is *videlicet* contracted into *viz.*? since the letter *z* is no part of the full word. The last letter in *viz.* was not originally a *z*. It was one of the arbitrary marks of contraction used by the scribes of the middle ages, and being in form something like a *z*, was at length represented in print by that letter. The sign *z* was a common abbreviation for terminations, as omnibz for omnibus, habz for habet, etc. *Viz.*, corruptly *viz.*, is still in use.

P. H. W.

HATS.—In Butler's Arithmetical Questions on a New Plan—1806—is the following:

"Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss, in 1404. They were first manufactured at London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time, both men and women in England commonly wore close-knit woolen caps. F. Daniel relates, that when Charles II made his public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he had on a hat lined with red velvet and surmounted with a plume or tuft of feathers. He adds, that it is from this entry, or at least under his reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforward began to take place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France."

The "wide-awake" hat, so called, is said to have been thus facetiously named because it never has a nap.

The following is extracted from the Poetical Note-Book and Epigrammatic Museum—1824—p. 115:

"THE WHITE HAT.

"On being asked the reason of wearing one.

"You ask me the reason I wear a white hat:

'Tis for *lightness* I wear it, what think you of that?

So *light* is its weight that no headache I rue,

So *light* its expense that it wears me out too;

So *light* is its color that it never looks dusty,

So *light* though I treat it, it never 'rides rusty';

So *light* in its fashion, its shape, and its air,

So *light* in its sit, its fit, and its wear;

So *light* in its turning, its twisting, and twining,

So *light* in its beaver, its binding, and lining;

So *light* to a figure, so *light* to a letter,

And, if *light* my excuse, you may *light* on a better."

ORTHOEPICAL BLUNDER.—One or two Sabbaths since the minister whom I regularly hear preach made this quotation from the fourteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Second Samuel: "I will be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod," etc. The word *chasten* was pronounced *chase-ten*, and at the time I thought it wrong. It seems to me he ought to have pronounced it *chas-ten*, the first syllable having the same intonation as *chase* in *chastisement*. I have also often heard the noun *progress* called *pro-gress*, whereas lexicographers unanimously pronounce the verb *progress* and the noun *prog-ress*. A third query: Can you tell me, or any one else, why public speakers almost always pronounce the word *extraordinary*, *extra-ordinary*? Why do they not call it, as all good orthoepists do, *eks-stor-de-na-ry*?

Yours,

ANNA.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

SMALL MEN.—An argument arose once, says Sydney Smith, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world have been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

A REBUKE.—At a large dinner party in London, the death of Mr. Dugald Stewart was announced. The news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank, who sat by Sydney Smith, that he turned round and said, "Madam, when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual, in civilized society, to look grave for at least the space of five seconds."

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER.—We are told, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath." This, of course, is best; but, as it generally does, I would add, Never act or write till it has done so. This rule has saved me from many an act of folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four-and-twenty hours after it has happened.

COMPOSITION.—In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

MINISTERIAL SEASONING.—In the MS. journal of President Davies, he tells an anecdote which he met with in London. When the famous Salter's Hall Presbyterian Church in that city was declining from evangelical truth, and their lecturers were almost destitute of the unction of the New Testament, a minister was requested to publish a sermon he had preached on the text, "Salt is good, but if the salt hath lost its savor," etc. He said "he believed he would, and dedicate it to the preachers at Salter's Hall, for they wanted seasoning."

JAMES THE FIRST.—One day, when King James the First had been perusing a work, entitled, "A Description of the Policy of the Church of England," written by the historian Calderwood, he was peevish and disconcerted. A prelate standing by, inquired of his Majesty the cause of his uneasiness? He replied, that he had been reading such a work. To this the prelate replied, "Don't trouble your Majesty about that, we will answer it." In a passion the King replied, "What would you answer, man? There is nothing here but Scripture, reason, and the fathers."

CONTENTION.—An old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in virulent controversy, uses the following happy simile: "If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce best and most fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make most noise in the wind."

A REPLY TO THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.—The Duke of Clarence jocularly observing to a captain of the navy, that he heard he read the Bible, wished to know what he had learned from it. The captain replied, that there was one part of Scripture, at least, which he well remembered, and thought it contained an admirable lesson. "What is that?" cried the Duke. "Not to put my trust in princes! your royal highness."

LATIN NOT IN THE BOOKS.—Matthew Thornton was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a man of strong common sense, but inclined to be eccentric:

Riding one day in a stage-coach, wherein were a number of sophomoric young pedants, he got wearied by their school-boy quotations of Greek and Latin, as well as somewhat offended by their impertinence. Taking advantage of a lull in conversation, the old gentleman requested them to translate for him the following lines from Ovid:

"In pin taris,
In okenun is;
In mud, elsar,
In claynun ar."

It is needless to remark that their efforts at solution were all failures; whereupon the generous old gentleman turned himself into a translator, as follows:

"In pine, tar is,
In oak, none is;
In mud, eels are,
In clay, none are."

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONEY.—

"Acri mony, defiles the human breast.
Har mony, soothes the soul to rest.
Cere mony, words to men addressed.
Testi mony, evidence to attest.
Sancti mony, of holiness possessed.
Patri mony, inheritance bequest.
Matri mony, a state to make you blest.
Ready money, what many love the best."

SYLLOGISTIC REASONING.—A writer in the Westminster Review, for last July, takes the position that alcohol is food, and offers the following logic in proof of it:

"Food is force,
Alcohol is force,
Therefore alcohol is food."

Dr. Mussey in replying to this gives another syllogism of about the same length, as follows:

"Horse feed is force,
Whipping a horse is force,
Therefore whipping a horse is horse feed."

WHO GOES BELOW.—A son of Erin having hired his services to cut some ice, was asked if he could use the cross-cut saw. He replied "he could, surely." He was sent, accordingly, in company with some of his co-laborers, to cut some ice, and on reaching the center of the pond the saw was produced with both handles still in their place. The verdant son, looking at the saw, very coolly put his hand in his pocket, and drawing from it a cent, turned to his companion, and, raising the cent, said, "Now, Jammie, fair play: head or tail, who goes below."

A SIGN UNIQUE.—A friend of ours, writing from an interior county of Virginia, says that a small grocery store in that vicinity has a sign with the following inscription, verbatim et literatim:

"Hot cofey tee ginger and spruce bear
ples donuts billed Eggs pigs fetes
and sarsiges sold here.
Also fresh and skimmed milke
waranted pure with no warter,
Broken glas and Chana takin
in pairt paye.
No ardent liker kept hear."

Editor's Table.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Dickinson College*.—The reader will find a full history and description of this institution in the opening article of the present number, from the pen of Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., the present talented President of Dickinson.

Going with the Stream, shows that there is considerable difference between floating down and rowing up stream. Our friend of the crooked-brimmed hat has nothing to do except to talk to his lady love, and now and then to strike his oar to keep his craft in the channel. With some such sight before his poetic eye the sweet-spirited Barry Cornwall mayhap wrote his "Petition to Time."

"Touch us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream

Gently, as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream;

Humble voyagers are we,

Husband, wife, and children three;

One is lost—an angel, fled

To the azure overhead.

Touch us gently, Time!

We've no proud or soaring wings;

Our ambition, our content,

Lies in simpler things.

Humble voyagers are we

O'er life's dim, unbounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime—

Touch us gently, gentle Time!"

WORDS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.—Our Hartford, Connecticut, correspondent, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, sends us, under this head, the following specimens:

It would sometimes seem as if the wit and pathos of the present world were with the children. Their unsophisticated minds and simplicity of heart give such force to every original idea, that it is a pity their sayings should be so often forgotten.

A very bright boy of my acquaintance had received the gift of a bow and arrow. He was perfectly delighted, and, standing on the broad door-step, was searching for some proper object on which to try his skill as a marksman. At length he exclaimed:

"Now, I wish Satan would heave in sight; for then I'd shoot him dead, and he never would do any more harm!" This surely was a large patriotism.

The same child had been once incommoded by a long succession of storms, which had confined him from his out-door plays. During that period he was listening to his mother as she read the Bible, and at the occurrence of the passage which speaks of God's sending rain upon the good as well as the evil and unthankful, added promptly his own commentary:

"Well, I don't think much of that. I expect to be one of the good people myself, but I don't want to be washed away by the rain."

Little Alice was exceedingly fond of green peas. At their first coming she had eaten heartily and rapidly as large a quantity as she supposed would be allowed her. She hesitated to request more, anticipating a refusal. Presently, turning to her father, she said:

"Papa, talk to me."

"How do you do to-day, Alice?"

"Not so, not so. Papa, talk to me."

"Alice, how does your mother do?"

"Not so; not so, papa. Why don't you say, Alice, wouldn't you like a few more peas?"

Another little girl, of somewhat similar tact, often looked wishfully at an elegant work-box of her mother's, which she was not permitted to touch. One day she said:

"I'm tired of always being your child. Let's play a little while that you were my child—will you, mamma?"

On gaining permission she seated herself, very primly, in a large rocking-chair.

"Mary, my dear, come here to me. I hope you mean always to be a good child. I'll help you all I can. Wouldn't you like, my dear, to take my work-box and look at all the nice things in it?" dexterously suiting the action to the words.

A little boy, after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he called "praying his own way." He had a large number of brothers and sisters, whose needs or peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, at commencing this exercise, he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor he said:

"O Lord, bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is."

His head fell back on his pillow, but soon rousing he murmured drowsily:

"Bless Henry, too." It was in vain—the tongue refused its office—so he added indistinctly—

"O Lord, I can't; there's too many on 'em," and sank into the deep slumber of childhood.

At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said:

"Lord, please to bless father, and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless Mary, my youngest sister, and give her a new heart."

"O Lord, bless mother. But you need not give her a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got. And I don't see how'd she go to work to be any better woman than she is now."

A mother gathered her children around her to show them a new ring upon her finger.

"It has just been sent me by your dear uncle from California. He dug the gold of which it was made, with his own hands, in the steep, lonely mountains."

The children admired the ring and its chasing, and said how kind uncle was to remember mother, when so far away.

"He sent also an affectionate letter, in which he desires that little Minnie should have the ring when I have done wearing it."

"When will mamma be done wearing it?" asked little Minnie, the youngest one.

"When she dies," said an older sister.

Then little Minnie burst into a loud cry, and exclaimed, "I will never touch the ring. I never."

The mother took her in her arms, bending her head tenderly over her, told her, in a low voice, that it was the will of our kind Father in heaven that we should all die, and that when the right time came, it would be

pleasing to him that we should obey cheerfully, and go readily when he called us.

The little one grew quiet at her mother's gentle words, and said:

"Yes; I'll be willing to die, if I may go when you go, and have both my arms round you, mamma, just so, in the coffin."

MISCELLANY.—*A Young Lady's Last Triumph.*—Thus writes to us a Northampton, England, correspondent: "Last April I was called suddenly to see one of my members, a young lady twenty years of age, die. She was in great pain as I entered her mother's dwelling, but there was no contortion of the face, no groan from the lips—nothing save a tear now and then stealing from her eye and coursing down her cheek. 'Are you ready to die?' inquired I. 'I have no wish to remain here longer,' was the reply, 'for Jesus has called me; yet his will, not mine, be done.' There was a slight snow-storm without, and as the flakes fell against the window panes, she said in a feeble, though distinct tone, 'The ancients thought there was nothing so pure as snow; but we know of something purer—a human soul washed in the blood of Christ. Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' Looking upward shortly afterward she added, 'Holiness will be unspotted there!' Her pillows were changed and she sunk into a doze. We all thought her gone; but opening her eyes with radiance sparkling there not of earth, she, with uplifted hand and a voice just audible in the coming shadows of death, began the hymn,

'Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did—'

but ere the line was completed she had passed to her home beyond the river. It was a blessed triumph, and as I grasped the hand of the bereaved mother of the departed, I could not help shedding tears as she quoted Balaam's words, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' Surely religion is good to live by—good to die by."

The Eagle's Scoop.—The sunshine overhead is not sunshine to all of the human race. There are hearts that go bowed down forever, though music is ever floating to the ear, and though gayety is ever dancing before the eye. One of the saddest stories that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle scooped him from the earth and bore him to its nest, high up among the mountains, and yet in sight of the house of which he was the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagles had abandoned the nest. No pen of man could picture the agony which the parents felt as their eyes would catch, from day to day, the little jacket fluttering in the wind.

The Toils of Ambition.—Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labor and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.—*Darton.*

The answer of a Martyr.—"Do you not love your life, and your wife, and your children, and will you not recant for all these?" said an inquisitor, in the times of the Netherland persecution, to a poor schoolmaster, who had been arrested for Bible reading. "God knows," answered the poor schoolmaster, "that were the earth a globe of gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would give them all to have wife and children with me, though I must live on bread and water and in bondage; yet neither for life, nor children, nor wife, nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce Jesus my Redeemer." Was the heart of the inquisitor moved? He only racked his victim till he died.

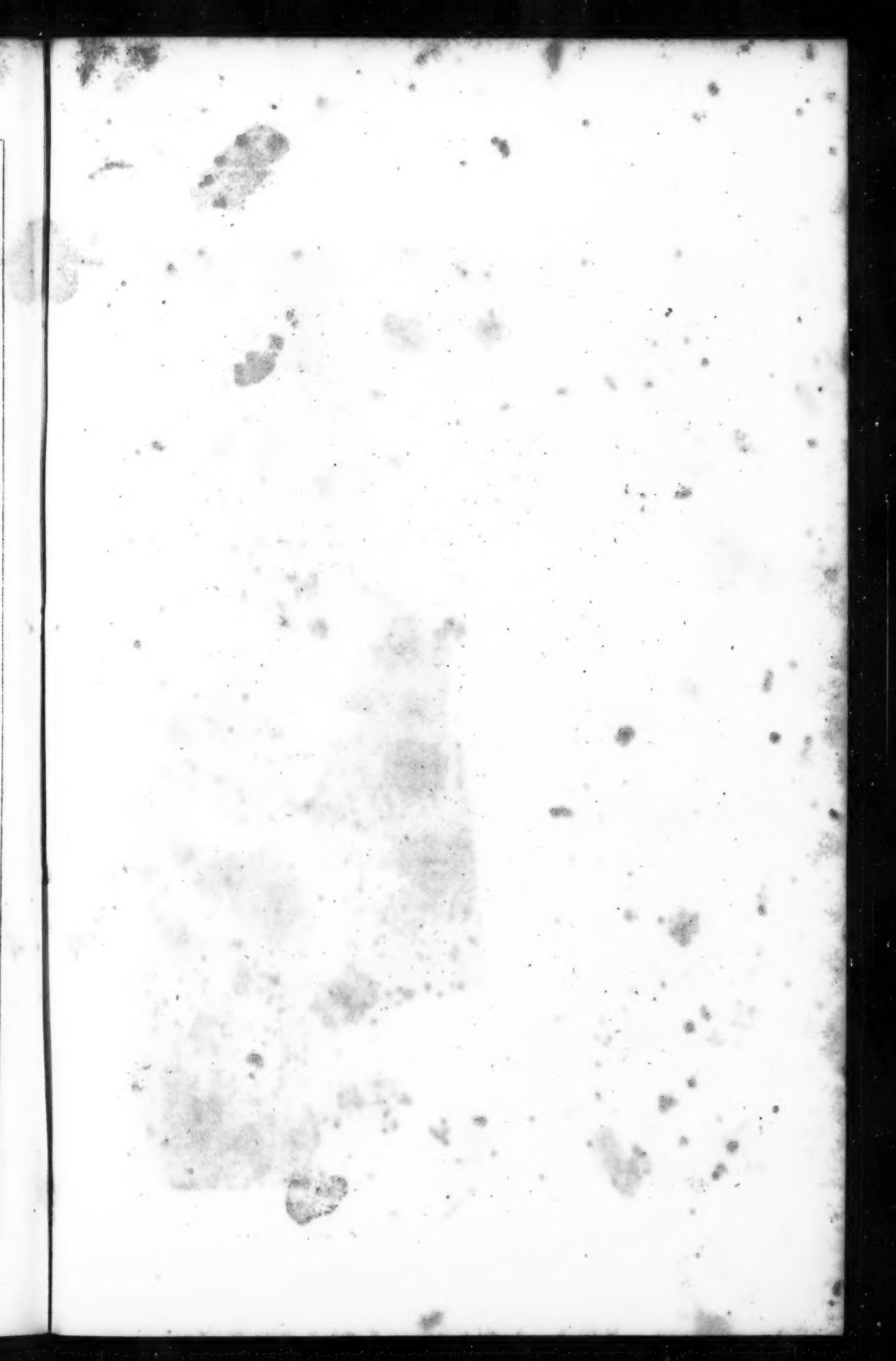
The Fabled Voyage of Hercules.—It is fabled by an ancient poet, that when Hercules went to unbind Prometheus—a figurative personification of human nature—he sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher. Lord Bacon applies the fable to the Christian life, and describes the saint as sailing most marvelously in the frail bark of the flesh, through the waves of the world, to that home where he shall be free indeed.

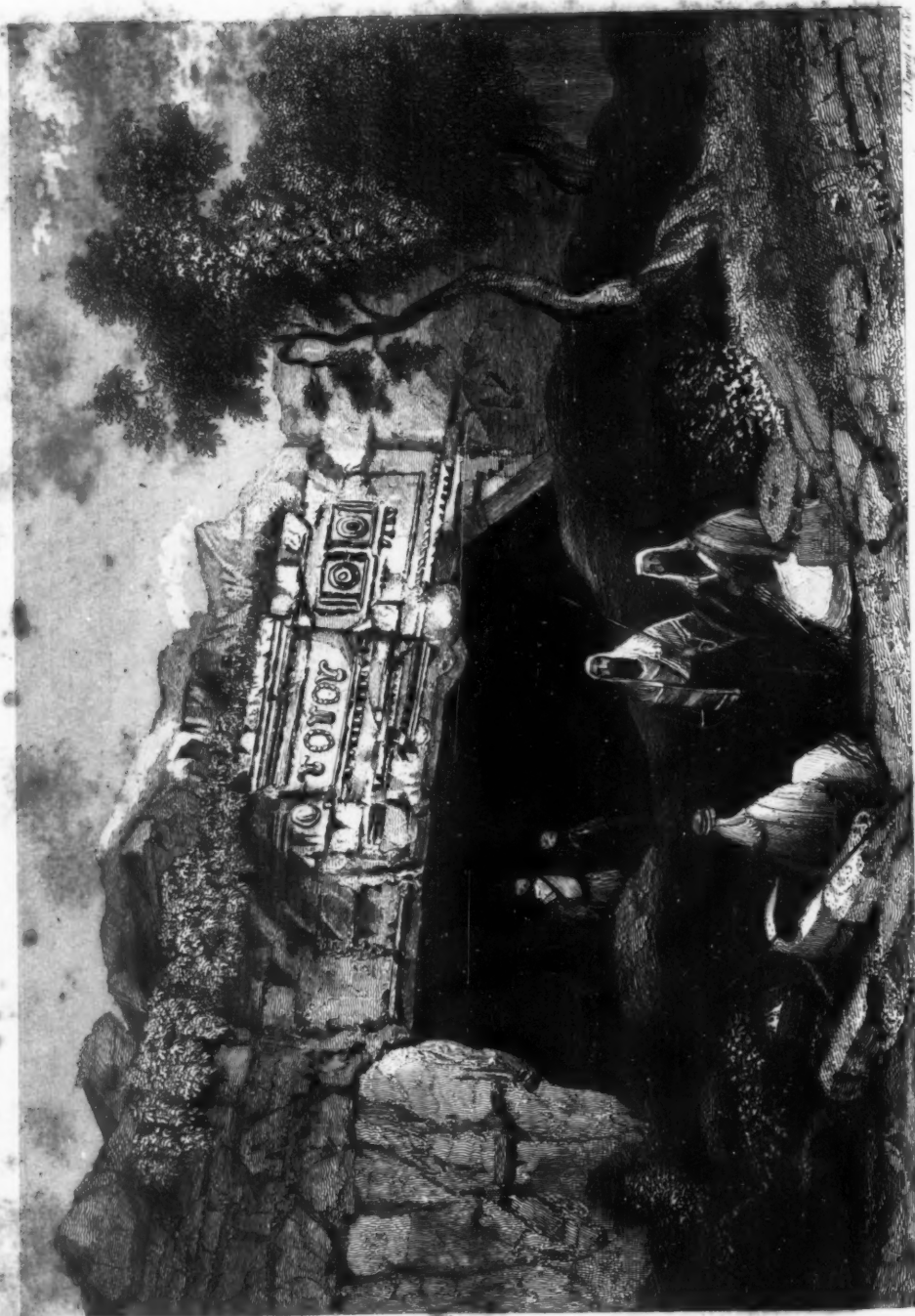
Zeal.—A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought.—*Mason.*

THE FUTURE OF THE REPOSITORY.—The editor having been returned to his post by the late General conference, is now busying himself, not only in providing for the current numbers of the Repository, but also in maturing plans and providing material for its future improvement. With the full concurrence of the Agents, whatever outlay of expense may be necessary to its improvement will be made. And on his own part, the editor pledges himself to renewed zeal and effort. He can not fail to acknowledge his gratitude for the very complimentary manner in which his re-election took place; and he is not insensible to the obligation it imposes on him. His ideal of excellence he may not be able to reach; but "exceeding" is his motto for the Repository, and upward, he trusts, will be its progress. An early announcement of arrangements for the next volume will be made. In the mean time let all our friends be making up their minds for one grand effort to enlarge still more extensively its circulation. Let it spread every-where, carrying blessings to the homes and hearths of all our people.

In our "notes" upon the late General conference we have avoided—beyond the mere statement of a few facts—entering into the discussion of the great questions which came up there. We propose to speak freely on all questions which come in our way. But there are many subjects, the discussion of which would be out of place in our columns. Upon these we can not enter, even if we were ever so much disposed to do so. But we will also add in this place, that so far as controversy—polemical or personal—is concerned, we have a great aversion to it, except when compelled to it by the claims of justice, truth, and right.

In looking back upon the General conference, after this lapse of time, we most clearly recognize the providence of God—denoting that the Church is still under his care and protection. The Church is his; she was purchased by his blood; to her has been given a glorious mission; and a departure from her work, and from the spirit and labors of her mission, only can bring upon her the fearful calamity of a loss of his protection and favor.





VACADE OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

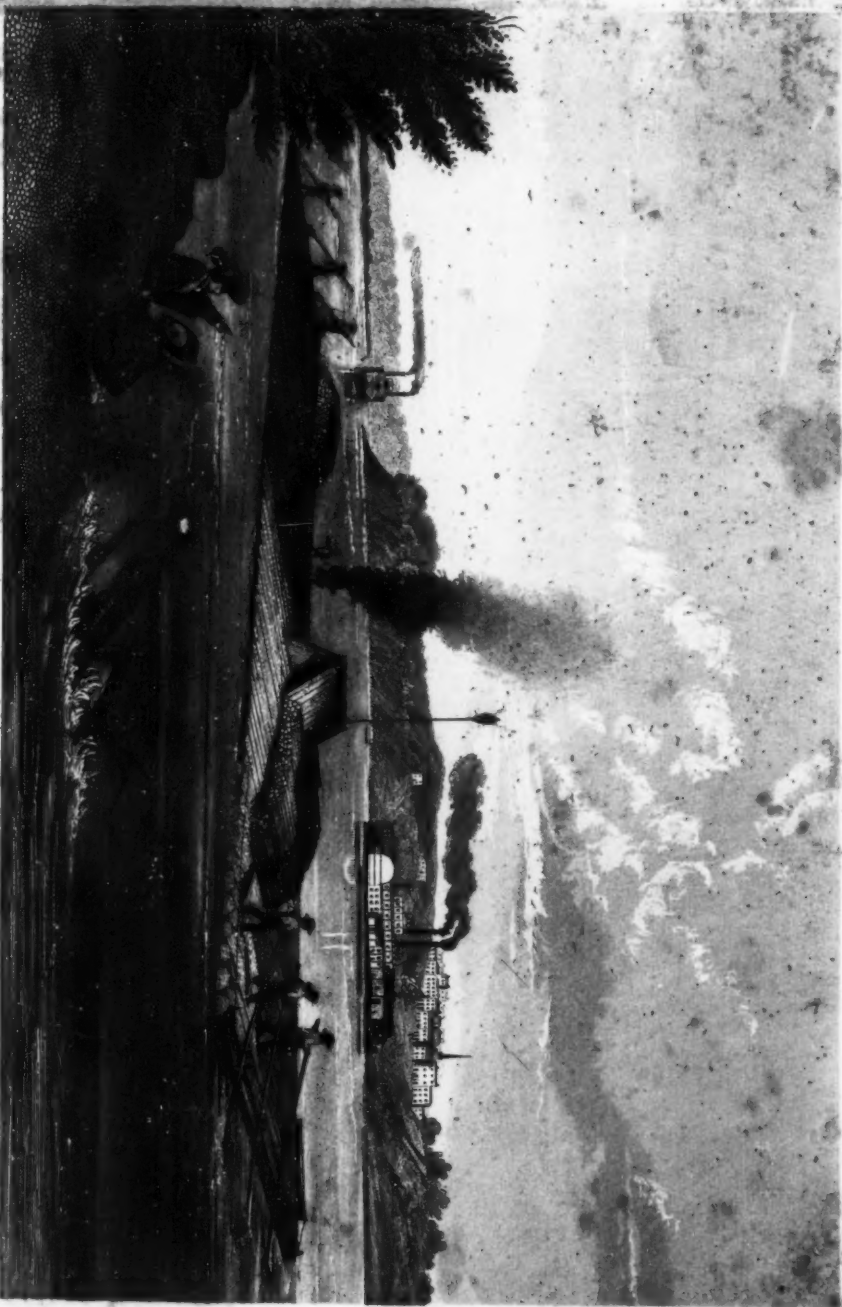
W. H. Sturges del.

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